

THE

BANDITTI,

OR,

8

A Ladies Distress.

A PLAY, Acted at the

Theatre-Royall.

Written by Mr. D'URFEEY.

Non omnes arbuta juvant humilesque myricæ. Virg.

Licensed,
March 1. 1686. R. L.S.

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TO THE

Extreme Witty, and Judicious Gentleman,

Sir Critick-Cat-call.

And *St Timothy Saundy* Brother
SIR, *to Jack Strand of Kilmington in Glamorgan*

TIs with no small shame and reluctancy, that I presume to trouble your recreative, thoughtless hours, with receiving into your Charity, a poor Out-cast Orphan, Or, as I may more properly term it, an Abortive Piece of Matter, which was so Plannet-struck, and Curs'd from its Creation, that it had not time to look abroad into this Correct World of Criticks and Judges, but was Stifl'd in its very Birth, by Malevolent Influence, and Suffer'd under the Weight of your particular Condemnation, and Dreadfull Sentence, almost as soon as it was so unhappy to have a Being.

Sir, You will, no doubt, reflect a little, and wonder, why amongst all Mankind, I should pick out you to do my self the Honour of Addressing this Dedication to. But alas—— tho' you may to our Terror be call'd the Scourge of Poets, in hind'ring us from the Substantial Effects of a Genius, (Viz.) Our Profits, Yet you are but meanly Skill'd in our Philosophical and Subtile Scents, when our faculties are employ'd in Nosing out a Patron, of which there are but two sorts that our Stars Ordain us to be Concern'd with; and those are your Visible and Invisible: Your Visible Patron, is Your Wit, Your Critick, Your Zulk me Hullock, Your Man of Publick fame & Allowance, whose sollid Standard, Sence, Reputation, or (what's yet better) whose Party shall secure your Labour from Abuses, and your Purse from the worst of
a Scandal,

Robert

Scandal, a Vacuity. *Your Patron Invisible is your Person of Riches and Power, Your Man of Acres and Affectation, who Loves his Opinion to an Invincible Degree, and who is too much a Wit himself to reward it in others, and never could with a safe Conscience commend any Poetry but his Own, or could think any Work, tho' Dumb'd with a Dedication in his Praise, as thick as the Paint on Mrs---face, deserv'd a return beyond I thank you Friend, tho' the Drudge had perhaps for Six Months taken pains, and Starv'd, to Divert him with an ingenious Entertainment; Or in some Panegyrick, made his Muse Sweat, to Defend his Worships Pedigree, Virtues, Honesty, Courage, &c. that could never have the Conscience to do so much for themselves, and yet have the impudence to neglect their poor Benefactor; and this I think I may properly term an Invisible Patron. But Sir, to come home to you, and for fear of Digressing too far, 'tis in the first Sort of these that you are plac'd; You are Visibility it self, and your Never-Dying Fame and Reputation amongst the Wits, say the Cock-Criticks of the Times, have forc'd me to throw my self upon you; for as my friend Bayes says; His Play is his Touch-stone, if a man like it, he knows what to think of him; if not, Your Servant Sir,— So your Censure is my Touch-stone too; and if when you Hiss, and the rest of the Knights-Whiffers follow in Order, like a Troup of Carriers Horses after the Leading-Bell, it is a Convincing Sign to me of your Popularity and Merit, by whose Aid, a Poet must seek to New-prop his Falling-Edifice: And therefore should (as I have done) presently Address to you, as his Patron.*

'Tis a great Weakness in any Author that Writes to this poynant Age of Wits (and wou'd-be-Wits) to build upon his own Judgment tho' never so good, any work that he has not first Communicated to the Censuring and Infallible Party. Laureats themselves have sometimes Miscarry'd by being Guilty of this Obstinacy; and tho' I am not so fortunate to know how to Flatter an Audience, nor have the wretched Skill to beg the Gen'rous Town to come and pity Me or My Play; Yet Sir, I am not so little a Lover of my self, but that I can readily follow good Examples to do my self a kindness, the narrow Scape my Credit made in not being ruin'd by your Displeasure, makes too Strong an impression

pression in my mind, to let me easily forget it : and when your Dreadfull Sentence issu'd out, of— This must be a Confounded Play, there's none of us that I hear has any thing in it, no not so much as a Song— Mum Bug— the Poet's an Impudent fellow, come let's go and Damn it.— *When this Severe Doom I say, came Thund'ring out against me, 'twas well my Benigne Stars had not reduc'd me to the Want of a Dish of Meat, or a Bottle, as you gen'rously Design'd, for had I been destitute of those Comforts, nay, had it been Stretch'd to the Extremest part of Necessity, your Tyrannical Humour had still gone on, with— Dam him, We'll make these fellows know who they are Oblig'd to : So much Spirit of Sordid Nature, there lies in the Whimsical Pate of a Wit, that is of his own, and not God Almighty's making. Here I must Confess Sir, I cannot help digressing from your Incomium a little, to reflect upon the Stages Misfortune, in being Disgrac'd and Confounded even by her own Offspring, to whose quantity of Brains, and Portion of Sense, she has allways added ; Nay, often when no Rules, or Methods of Universities, or Schools, could inform the Humane Soul, or Influence a Duncie with more Sense than he was Swath'd in, for Schools seldom inspire Youth with Wit, unless it has first a Fund of its Own,*

And Colleges Create no Brains we know,
Dunces come back as Genuine as they go.

Dramatick Poetry, and Gracefull Action has with a piercing influence Cultivated the Barren Soyl, & made it fit to produce the Choicest fruits, tho' folly & ill-Husbandry afterwards, left it to be choak'd with Nettles and Brambles, thus is the poor Stage wounded by the very Sword she lends, and those very Mouths that in the Days of Yore, like Callow-Snipes, sat gaping to Swallow the instructions of Poets, like the Picture of Homer spewing upon his Pupills, now Sated with the Diet that has nourish'd 'em to a degree of being fit for Conversation, ungratefully employ 'em to her Disgrace, and Confusion ; and this the World knows Sir, you are most famous for, tho' with as little reason as the rest, for that being not us'd, is

not Material; Besides having formerly made use of your Half-Crown, and a good Shift too, wanting matter of your own, to Carry away some Scraps of the Play to Court your Mistress with; and tho' I have more manners then to Rank you among the Snipes above mention'd, yet with Submission to you, I cannot help saying, that I have observ'd you your self, to Sit with your Mouth open, as if you wanted a few more of Gods blessings: But see the strange Revolutions of a few Years Improv'd by a quick Capacity, and the Stages Assistance; (for Sir, you would never have found out her Spots had not she her self lent you a Telescope) your Stomach is now grown so queazy, that the Muses Diet tho' Dress'd as well as formerly, will not go down, quia nil rectum nisi quod placuit sibi ducunt, as Horace says. Jobson the Coblers Wife is now a much better Character then Sempronia or Abigail.

You are for some new Kickshaw of your own Modelling, and for reforming by force, with Noise, and the potent Batt'ring-Rams of (It must and shall be so.) You are just like the Carpenter, that being taken among the Rebels in the late Western-Tumult, and being ask'd how he intended to alter the Government; answer'd, with his Hatchet, having it seems no other Weapon in his hand to fight with. But if (like him Sir) you intend to work a Reformation on Wit, Arbitrarily with your Hatchet, 'tis reasonable you should whet it sharper then formerly, for by the Milder way of the Pen, I know it is below you to undertake it, nor indeed with Submission to your better Judgment would I advise you; for Sir, it would undervalue your Sence to Write if you were able, and therefore Providence, and Nature, for your quiet and Security, have Cautiously design'd the Contrary: For I've observ'd that Criticks generally, tho' they are very Dragons at their Censures, yet they are but poor Devils at Poetry.

This Sir, tho' it may in some sort seem a reflection, yet is not in the least done with a Design to lessen or invalidate your Understanding or Esteem in the Worlds Opinion, but rather to express my particular Admiration, and pay my Homage to your prosperous Stars, and Prodigious Fortune: For Sir, were you as ill a Poet as Withers, Flecknoe, Hopkins, Sternhold, or one that I have heard of, who ingeniously Insinuates, or as good as tells us he has
himself

himself an indisputable Title to Wit, because he kept a Wit Company; Did you move, I say Sir, in the same Sphere with these, and were your Brains twice as insignificant as Providence has been pleas'd to make 'em, yet as the World goes now, you were not a jot the worse Critick; for 'tis Observation is your Essential part, and if you hit but that right, 'tis no matter for Judgment. You have gain'd the main point, and may set up as soon as you please.

Thus, as a Bird with Plumage newly dress'd
Callow and Cold, just tumbl'd from his Nest
Reels to and fro, not knowing how to fly,
But with Ungratefull Chatt'ring fills the Sky,
'Till by some knowing Brother of the Wood
The Use of his Gay Wings are Understood,
So have I seen a Cockrill of the Pit,
Learn how to fly by watching some fam'd Wit.
He marks his Laugh, or Clap, and ev'ry frown,
And in his Note-Book sets the Places down;
That this true Standard Judgment of the Play,
Might stamp him for a Wit another day,
'Till vain at last he on himself relies,
And plagues the Affronted Audience with his Noise.

I hope Sir, You'll forgive a little Digression, and Harmless Raillery in Verse, Especially when it does not the least Damage to your Credit and Reputation; for the Wit of your Observation, Certainly does your Business, as well as if it sprung from the Solidity of your Judgment, or real knowledge of the Matter; for knowledge as it is not Customary amongst you that set up for Criticks, so truly in my Opinion it is not Material. And now Sir, to Exalt your Fame to a more Conspicuous height then ever, I am foolishly going to Condemn myself, and shew my Friends (that did me the honour to appear, and with Unbias'd Judgments were pleas'd to Vote favourably on my side) my own Errors, which I would no more Impudently defend or Excuse my self, then I would deserve to have 'em unreasonably expos'd by Others: The distress of the Story was hinted to me by the Late Blessed King of ever-glorious Memory,

A Memory, from a Spanish Translation, and tho' I was advis'd to call the Play, the Banditti, or Sbanditti, because of the Newness of the Title, and lay the Scene in Spain instead of the Kingdom of Naples, yet the more proper Title wou'd ha' been the Spanish Out-Laws, tho' in such a Case as this in Dramatick-Poetry, I think any Poet may do as he pleases, Especially since Naples is Substitute to the King of Spain as well as Madrid. Ill fate has be that Studies three or four Months (nay Years with some) to divert a Party, that must be Complemented to be Civil, and use the Piece with reasonable Modesty, which he has taken so much pains in, and which they (if their Noddles had a Dram of Consideration) were Oblig'd to favour, even for the Ladies sakes, or the ingenious part of the Audience that come thither without prejudice, for my Own part, I was so unlucky to hope, that tho' my Play might be too long, which is a general fault amongst us, and not to be remedy'd 'till the first day is over, and tho' some Scenes might seem Tedious 'till it was shorten'd, which is allways the Second Days work, yet I had the Confidence to think, that the Variety of a pretty Tale, a good Plot, not very ungratefull Characters, and I am sure very good Musick, both Vocal and Instrumental, with Vaulting, Dancing, and all that I cou'd think of to please, might have oblig'd 'em to a Civil Sufferance, tho' not a liking: but in the Contrary your prejudice took vent, even before the Play began; the Actors were Disturb'd, and cou'd not perform, particularly in the Second Act: After which the Scenes were all promiscuously decry'd both good and bad, the Songs and Musick hoop'd and whistl'd at, tho' they have since been Sung in several other Plays with generall Applause, which I think sufficiently discovers the ungenerous Malice, and poor partiallity that was us'd; yet only to shew the Itch of Vitiated Affections, one Mock-Song that hit the Farfical Humour, because there was nothing in't took extreamly, (Viz.)

*From drinking of Sack by the Pottle,
Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, Thrum, Thrum.*

The greatest plague a Muse can be infected with, is ill-Nature, and I hardly ever yet found any one so mean and helpless, but if he had will to revenge an-abuse, at one time or other found Occasion to do it, only you Sir, I must Confess are exempted, for you give your half-Crown meerly to shew your self, rail wittily as you think, and when you have had your pennyworth of your own noise, make your Exit as well Contented as any man Breathing, and what a Devil has any Poet to say to this?

All my Misfortune is, that the Play being so well lik'd at the Rehearsals, that it pass'd allways with general Applause from all that had parts Considerable; Nay, what is an infallible Signe of their Opinion of it; the Body-Politick put themselves to expence and Considerable Charge to set it out; which considering a certain loss they lately had, I think was little less then a Miracle, and yet after all this to have it sink under your rebuke: Truly Sir, if I had not Fortify'd very well that Night, you had infallibly made a strong Battery upon my Patience——

In former times a Play of Humour, or with a good Plot wou'd certainly please, but now a Poet must find out a third way, and adapt his Scenes and Story to the Genius of the Critick, if he'l have it pass; he'l have nothing to do with your dull Spanish Plot, for whilst he's rallying with the Orange-Wench, the Bus'ness of the Act gets quite out of his Head, and then 'tis (Damme what stuff's this? here's neither head nor Tail to't.)

*Poetry in all times has been Liable to Censure; the Old Romans in the time of Roscius, were us'd to Criticize, but then 'twas modestly, to Instruct, Inform, and not abuse the Poet, or his Work: And then we find Terence in Hecyra Complaining that they Hiss'd his Play, iho' Scipio, Affricanus, and Lelius assisted him; But in no Age of the World I ever read of Catterwauling Criticks, but ours: And therefore, as Henry the Eighth said to Dr. Butts, that shew'd him the Arch-Bishop Cranmer waiting amongst Footmen at the Council-Chamber Door, to be admitted, (Is this the way they use one another? 'tis well there's one above 'em) so I Confess I am very glad there is one above 'em that I have some reason to believe will Patronize Arts as well as Arms. To Conclude, I dare not be so partial to my self, but to own
there*

there are a great many faults in the Ensuing Play, which I should have been glad to have been Ingeniously inform'd of, and instructed to amend.— Nam vitiis nemo sine Nascitur, optimus ille est Qui minimis urgetur: But there were none (I dare positively affirm) that deserv'd the Abuse it Suffer'd; This Sir, I Confess has a little Rowz'd my Spleen, and Urg'd me to present you with this Rallying Discourse, to do my self a little Justice, without Offence to you or to any Causeless Enemy, whom I never Wrong'd, nor have reason to hate or fear, being under your Protection, and allways Subscribing my self,

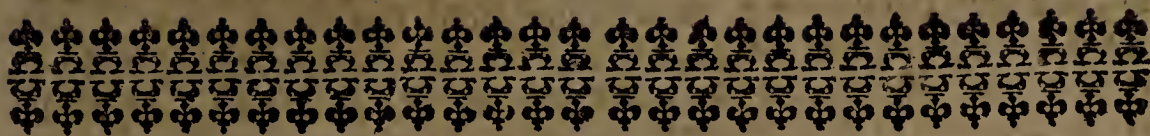
Sir,

Your Humble, very Humble,

Pupill and Servant,

T. D'urfey.

THE



THE BANDITTI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Don Garcia with a Servant, and Don Antonio at another Door with a Servant.

Don Gar.

D *Omingo.*

Serv. My Lord.

Don Gar. Bid a Footman run to Court, and know what Hour in the Morning the English Embassadour has his Audience, he shall find me at my House, so Sir,—

Exit Servant.

What new Game is this you have found out, that you are Ferreting hereabouts?

Anton. My Lord, I was only going to pay a Visit to the Old Lady here, I hope your Lordship will give me leave to show my breeding, there can be no danger my Lord in an Old Lady, you know.

D. Gar. No Sir, but this Old Lady has a Young Lady to her Daughter, that by your Extraordinary Vertues may perhaps, fall into some danger:—Come Come, Sir, pray go back with me, you go no further this way, I assure ye.

Anton. A Young Lady say ye my Lord.

D. Gar. Ay Sir, Young, and Beautifull, and like an Excellent Instrument: just in Tune, but not to be play'd on by your Worship Sir. March, March on Sr, I have other Business for ye.

Anton. A Young Lady! Bless her Beauty, and defend her Chastity, I beseech Heaven; My Lord my business is with her Mother.

D. Gar. Neither Mother, nor Daughter, at this time upon my Honour, Sir.

D. Anton. I beseech your Lordship, Let me Go, I have not paid a Visit, nor been Civil to her, since I came from Travell.

D. Gar. No Sir, but you paid a Visit and was uncivil to her Yesterday Morning; Sir, do not you know that a Lye should be Cudgel'd; were not you with a Troop of Thrumming Guittarr Thrashers, Prophaning the Sun and Moon and Stars, in a Lewd Serenade before her Window last Night?

D. Anton. How in the Name of all the Witches in Spain, comes he to know that? Now do I faithfully believe this Old Gamester, my Father has an Intrigue with her Reverend Ladship, and therefore has maliciously resolv'd not to Confound Generations with his unfortunate Son.

[*aside.*]

D. Gar. But she is better Satisfy'd then before, for I have done you the favour Sir, to give her your Character.

D. Anton. I humbly thank ye Sir, I find I am oblig'd to ye for more things then my begetting.

D. Gar. Sir, I have done ye reason in every thing, and first to begin with the Roll of your Qualifications, I told her you had lately been in France and England, and were to my Great Comfort return'd a most Extraordinary Fop; Sir, what think ye, did I not do ye Justice?

D. Anton. Yes faith did'st thou Old Lad, if thou knew'st all, for if a Fop wont go down with a fair Lady, as times go, their Blossoms of Beauty will fade unmercifully to my knowledge.

[*aside.*]

D. Gar. That you were a Great Drunkard I told her too, Sir.

D. Anton. I thank ye heartily Sir, I am Infinitely indebted to ye.

D. Gar. And were so very, very Lewd, that you might this Instant have the Pox for any thing I knew.

D. Anton. Your Servant Sir, an Extreme fine Character indeed.

D. Gar. And lastly, that I may leave none of your perfections disguis'd from ye, Sir.

D. Anton. Why faith 'twere a pitty such Virtues should be stifled, that's the truth on't. Will your Lordship be pleased to let me give a Character of you?

D. Gar. Sir, I think I might stand the Severity of your Satyr, if I did.

D. Anton. Gad don't trust me Sir, for I am damnably Spleenatick at this time; — I shall Jerke Sir, therefore don't trust me.

D. Gar. The Spleen's a Good sign, you should grow Wise by that, but to the purpose: I lastly told her, that instead of what I bred you, a Martial Man; you were grown a Masquerader; and instead of the Manly Flute, Loved the Feminine Fiddle: A Tumbling Whore, better then a Trumpet: That you were ever drunk when you should be getting honour, and had as live bear the Devil as a Drum, Sir.

D. Anton. I am your Oblig'd Son Sir. — Would he wou'd beat me now, that I might have the liberty to Curse a little.

[*aside.*]

D. Gar.

D. Gar. And as a Close of all it was Resolv'd, and Concluded by both Parties, that I should keep this Young Lady—

D. Anton. To your self Sir.

D. Gar. At a distance from you Sir.

D. Anton. Why then the Devill take me, my Lord, if you do me not the greatest wrong imaginable, knowing my Addresses are tended to the fair *Elvira* the Lady you made Choice of for me.

D. Gar. And to the fair and Charming *Lawra* too, Sir. Come come, along along, Sir.

D. Anton. Pox on't, there's no getting to her well, however I'll Write I am resolv'd, and that instantly.— Follow me Sirrah.

D. Gar. Along I say Sir, along.

[Exit Antonio.]

Enter Don Fernand poorly habitted with a Commission in his hand.

Don Fern. My Good Lord.

Don Gar. O my new Officer, give ye Joy Sr, I see you have your Commission.

D. Fern. For which I am to thank your Lordships favour and Interest with the King now I do Live indeed, whilst I am lifted to this Post of Honour, and wear a Sword and Soul devoted to your Service.

D. Gar. Sr, you o're rate the kindness I have done ye.

D. Fern. Oh my Lord, may the Eternall Show'r his blessings on ye, your years be many, and all Crown'd with Deathless honour; for never sprang such noble Charity, such Generous, such unexampled Goodness, in any breast but yours.

D. Gar. Come, Come, no more of this: I Lov'd thee for thy Virtues, I saw thy Love to Arms and I encourag'd it.

D. Fern. Give my tongue leave, my Lord, to pay my thanks, or else the world will brand my base Ingratitude; when for the space of Seventeen Rowling Years I had worn out an afflicted Life under all the Miseries Ungovern'd Youth is Liable to; you took me, gave me Arms, supply'd my Wants, and with your God-like Eyes would see no Scandal in my Poverty.

D. Gar. All which thou hast deserv'd by thy good Service; nay, should I speak as gratefully as thou dost, upon my Soul much more is due to thee: but prethee, my good friend, let us leave this discourse, and perfect the Relation of thy Parents, for till now I never had leisure to hear it out.

D. Fern. My Parents, as I told your Lordship, were mean and obscure, and such as I must with shame own, had Vices far more contemptible then the wretchedness of their State.

D. Gar. Were they not Honest?

D. Fern. I know not but I fear, yet some Commands which I have had from them might Justify that fear, for most unnaturall they were

to me, and always hated me.

D. Gar. For no Cause?

D. Fern. No Just Cause my Lord, only because I would not lead a Course of Life my Conscience told me was not warrantable.

D. Gar. And so you left 'em.

D. Fern. Some Six months since, to List my self a Soldier where you found me.

D. Gar. I found thee bravely in the field; I found thee steep't in the blood of Foes, and from that moment receiv'd thee in my Bosom.

D. Fern. I did what I could my Lord, for this I must needs own, base as I am by Fortune, and by Birth, I have a generous Love for Arms and Honour.

D. Gar. By all the Glories of the Arms he speaks of, I rather think him Son of some great Prince, then of *Plebean* Generation: Follow me, thou shalt have Equipage suitable to thy Quality; and as thy Virtues grow, upon my Honour they shall be cherisht; thou hast my Love, and that shall build thy Fortune.

D. Fern. The Powers above preserve ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don Ariell and Eugenia.

Don Ariell. Sister, the honour of our Family depends on your Conduct in this matter; the Girl's Young and Giddy, look to her I say.

Eugenia. Brother, I am oblig'd t'ye for your Care, but believe I can Govern my Family without your Instructions.

D. Ar. Well well, let me find it so and I shall be satisfy'd; remember you have lost one Child already; a hopeful one too, and the Son and Heir of your Family, who with his Nurse was Murder'd in his Infancy, therefore look well to this; take care I say of my Niece *Laura*, she's now Eighteen, her Blood warms, her Eyes Rowle, her Pulse beats, look to her I say.

Engen. Pray spare your Caution Brother, sure I am old enough to know what I have to do.

D. Ar. And foolish enough to be testy I see, but that's all one. your Son's gone, your Daughter you may preserve if you are wise: Ah! that dear Boy, I protest I never think on him but I weep.

Eugene. But that I see you have sore Eyes, I should think that a Miracle.

D. Ar. 'Tis true, I enjoy an Estate by his Loss, but what then? I weep extreemly, I cry like a Child.

Engen. A Natural Infirmary you have, shall I help you to an Occulist?

D. Fern. 'Tis in my Nature, Sister, it can't be helpt, 'tis in my Nature: my Father would have sat ye down, and have wept some eight or ten hours together, and so shall I too, if my Niece *Laura* miscarry; therefore look to her.

Engen.

Eugen. Yet again your Niece *Lawra* — this makes me quite out of Patience; have I not kept her up like a Nun? Mew'd her from Men and all loose Conversation; been as severe as if I knew her wanton; and am I still to be instructed?

D. Ar. You are too wise I warrant.

Eugen. Have I not kept her up from Masques and Comedies, and all your Publique Meetings? nay, Heaven-forgive me, often from Church too, for fear of some temptation!

D. Ar. Church — Come, come; let her Pray at home; let her never go to Church, there can come no good on't; I have seen a wench Oagle a fellow out of a Church at forty yards distance.

Eugen. Then you would have her forget all Divinity.

D. Ar. Divinity, prethée tell not me of a young wenches Divinity; they have often a Book of the Deity in their hands; when they have the Devill in their heads, to my knowledge; Had I a hundred Daughters; not one should see the in-side of a Church whilst I liv'd.

Eugen. She has been bred-up with my Morals, and I know her mind is staid and temperate; Oh Heaven! if it were not —

D. Ar. What then?

Eugen. If I found her inclin'd to gad and ramble abroad —

D. Ar. What then, what would you do?

Eugen. D'slife I'de cut off her Leggs, I'de spoil her Intriguing.

D. Ar. Cut-off her Leggs, d'sheart the womans Mad now; Cut-off her Leggs — what a Plague make a Devill of her?

Eugen. I'de Sacrifice a thousand of my Children, e're leave an Infectious drop in one of 'em to taint my honour.

D. Ar. For a whim, a flim-flam; a thing of nothing; talk of Cutting off my Niece *Lawra's* Leggs; and the prettiest Leggs in all *Spain* too — hark'ee, if I catch ye Cutting off any thing of her Leggs, or Feet either, unless it be her Corns, I'll cut-off your Head I'll tell you that, for all you are my Sister.

Eugen. Oh! pray let me alone with her then, and spare your instructions, which I hope have wrought wonders upon my Nephew your Son. I hope his Inclinations are Consequent to your Advice; he's grown very Wise I hear.

D. Ar. Sirrah go and look for him [to a Servant: He was here with me just now, he and his Mathematician with him — No, faith Sister, I begin to despair of him, I'me afraid he will ne're be good for any thing.

Eugen. Oh fye! I hope you do but Jest, what, not the better for all your grave instructions?

D. Ar. Jest! No faith, 'tis e'en true enough; for my part I can't tell what to make of him, why here 'thas cost me now I'll warrant ye, a thousand Dollars amongst his Mathematicians, his Vaulters, his Fidlers, Singers, Fencers, Dancers, and the Devill and all, and yet Gad

I am afraid, he will come to be hang'd at last.

Eug. Oh he's Young, he's Young, Maturity will set le his head better.

D. Ar. If Maturity will do me the favour to get a few brains into his head, I should not fear the setting 'em; but he's Empty, Sister, he's Vacant, he has no foresight; why t'other day I was standing by to see him learn to Vault, and instead of doing the Pomado gracefully as he should have done, what does the Rascal but with a damn'd Awker'd Jump give me a kick in the Chops with his right foot, that broke out two of my teeth, as Gad shall save me.

Eugen. A very unlucky accident indeed Brother.—

D. Ar. And but this morning fumbling with my Snuff-Box, the damn'd Coxcomb open'd it the wrong side, and spilt me an Ounce of the best Pulvillio-Snuff in all Spain; then 'tis such a hungry Vermine grown, he will Eat ye enough to breed a Famine, and grows more and more a Clown; and to my lasting disgrace keeps no Company but Scoundrels, and Mechanick fellows, with half breeches, and no shirts, and not a farthing of Money: I'me almost distracted about him, — here he comes, prethee observe him Sister;

— *Enter Diego, and Lopez.*

Diego. I'll hear no more, Gad trouble me with any more of your damn'd hard words, I'll break your head. Come, han't you done yet father? 'tis past twelve a Clock: shan't we go home to Dinner?

D. Ar. D'ye hear, d'ye hear that Sister? A hungry *Diego* Rogue, d'ye hear him? He's for dinner already; his Guts are Croaking to dine before other people have been at breakfast: Sirah, Sirah, have you Deserv'd your dinner to day? Signior *Lopez*, prethee how does he Learn? Hah!

Lopez. He's a little Slow Sir, but I hope he will be sure.

D. Ar. Push! Do not I see by him he'll ne're be good for any thing? Look look, Sister, he takes no notice of you, he sees you not; why Sirah! Dolt, Duncce, Coxcomb, don't you see your Aunt? Hah! — Oh fie! what Curfed bow was [*Diego makes an awker'd Bow* there, and with his Hat flapping on one side like a Ballad-Singer? Well, by St. *Iagues* I'll disinherite thee; thou shalt not have a foot of Land by this Light.

Diego. Would your Land were all in the Sea, so I might have my humour, and seek my Fortune; what ado is here with your Land, any one shall have my share in't for half a Dollar.

D. Ar. Here's a Rogue now, to wish my Land in the sea, & to talk of his humour, his humour; Sirah I'll humour ye presently. — [*beats him.*

Eugen. Hold, hold, good Brother.

Diego. What the Devil would you have me do? what d'ye design me for?

D. Ar.

D. Ar. Sirrah Sirrah, I'de have you be a Wit.

Diego. A Wit! who, I a Wit?

D. Ar. D'ye hear Sister, d'ye hear him? This Rogue will tell us presently, 'tis against the Constitution of our Family to be Wits;—and why not a Wit Sirrah you Rogue? why not a Wit? Hah!— [*angrily.*]

Diego. Why 'tis impossible, you may as well fancy me an Elephant, it is not in me; If you had design'd me for a Gentleman-Usher, a Shop-keeper, or a Sailor, or such a thing, someth'g might have been done; but a Wit, 'tis impossible, I tell ye, 'tis not in me.

D. Ar. Why then I'll beat it into ye with a Cudgel, Sirrah; I'll be your *Apollo* for once.— [*Beats him again.*]

Engen. Look Sir, these are the fruits of your Instructions, d'ye observe?

Diego. He makes me lose my Sences: I am mad; I shall hang my self within this Week, and so would any one else that leads the Life that I do, you shall hear how I'me serv'd.

D. Ar. Ay Ay, pray Sister observe.

Diego. First every morning at four a Clock, when I, perhaps, am sweetly Dreaming of *Lawra*, or *Flora*, or *Clora*, or something or Other that's Heavenly, am I rowz'd up by a damn'd Vaulting-Master that teaches me to break my Neck by way of Agility; then about an hour after comes *Signior Semibreis* the Singing-man; and he and I make such a dreadfull Noise with our *Soll's*, and our *Fa's*, and our *Crotchets*, and our *Quavers*, that we set all the Cats in the Neighbourhood a howling about us: but what's worst, and my most insufferable Plague, is about Noon, when I am hungry and should Eat my dinner, comes my Confounded Mathematician here.

D. Ar. What's that Sirrah—abusi-
the Sciences.

*Struggles to go and
beat him.*

Diego. And he with his never-ceasing Tongue-Clack quite Murders me, what with his Hexagons, his Pentagons, his Bastions, Parapetts, Pallisades, Fortifications, Ramparts, Counterscarps, Ravellings, Esplanades, Swallows, Tails, Hornworks, Counterguards, and the Devill and all, I am Conjur'd to Death; I am Enchanted; there is no living for me; I'll go and be one of the *Banditti* rather then endure it.

D. Ar. Do and be Hang'd?

Diego. With all my heart, a short Life and a merry— there's some Comfort in that.

D. Ar. No Sirrah, I'll keep you from hanging, for the sake of my Family, but you shall be beaten most immoderately.

Diego. Ay, Ay, do, beat me, Gad I'll mawle
your Mathematician, I'll rout the Sciences, I warrant ye.

*Goes to beat and
he beats Lopez.*

Sirrah, if I catch you again buzzing in my Ears, your Mines, and your Countermine, I'll blow ye up if there be any powder in Spain, I'll not be plagu'd with a Scurvy Mathemati-

*Diego is beating Lo-
pez this while, who
walks very gravely &
slowly about the Stage.*

cal Rascal, not I, and there's the Resolution of a—

D. Ar. Of a Fool, Sot, Rascal.

Diego. Ay, ay, any thing but Mathematician, and so I leave ye; and pox of Hexagons and Pentagons—I'll have nothing to do with 'em.

[*Exit Diego.*]

D. Ar. Was there ever such a Villain? What shall I do with him Sister? *Signior Lopez*, I hope he has not hurt ye?

Lopez. Signior, I conceive it but reason to demand the price of my Labours from you, and satisfaction from him, and so I'll take my leave.

D. A. Not so I hope, Signior.

Lopez. Signior, for me that have studied Fortification this Thirty years to have my Ravellings, Half-Moons, and Bastions, surpriz'd in this Nature; and the Parapet of my Person demolish'd thus unskillfully, I conceive is a great affront to my Art, and therefore—

D. Ar. Shall have satisfaction *Signior*. Come with me, I will see your *Puncto* satisfy'd: Sister, I beg your Pardon for my digression from the Gravity of my Family, and my Houses Honour; I was involv'd in passion, and knew not what I did: Sister, your hand; I will wait on ye to your Chamber.—

[*Exeunt Gravely.*]

Enter Laura with a Letter, and Lucia.

Laura. My dear *Lucia*! art sure my Mother did not see the Footman deliver this Letter?

Lucia. 'Twas impossible she should, for I drew it from the Garden with a Pack-thread into your Closet-Window; Poor Soul how afraid she is of her Mother; Is't from the Party, my dear?

Laura. What else could make me so fond of it? I believe I have kist it a hundred times.—

[*Kisses the Letter.*]

Lucia. And I warrant it deserves it too, and so does the sencer of it, would he were here again, as safe as he was t'other Night, he's my favourite, I assure ye, Cozen: for in my Conscience, I believe him to be as performing a Gentleman as any in all Spain.

Laura. My poor heart knows his perfections but too well; for when I see his Gracefull Shape and Air, there is a throbbing in my Breast so violent, as if the Fluttering Inmate would fly to him to tell the Story of my eager passion; then he has a Tongue would sure undoe the World.

Lucia. And that's a Darling-blessing.

Laura. Oh when I hear him talk, I am Enchanted, there's so much pleasure in his Flattery; and when he lies (as sometimes I fear he does so) they come with so much Grace out of his Lips—I cannot for my Heart but must believe him.

Lucia. Well! these Men have a strange Advantage over us.

Laura.

Lawra. Ay when we love 'em.

Lucia. I mean so, which is not always when we say we do ; Heaven forbid it should.

Lawra. If he should wrong my Love, what torture were too bad for him : for tho' I love him to extremity, by all the awfull Powers, 'tis honourably ; but I am moulded with so soft a Nature ; my Soul has so much of true woman in it ; adding to this the Constraint I live under, that if he could be perjur'd, I fear he might betray me.

Lucia. I hope he has sworn to ye Couzen.

Lawra. Sworn, All the swift-footed hours of Day and Night have heard the sacred Oaths.

Lucia. Then never doubt him. For my part, he is so obliging and kind a Gentleman, that I Vow I have great faith in him : What, wrong a sweet young Lady that obliges him, he'll be hang'd first.

Lawra. Prethee now it comes into my mind, sing the Song that he compos'd on his belief that I was angry with him ; 'tis very a *propo*.

The SONG.

I.

THere is a black and sullen hour,
Which fate decrees our life should know,
Else we should slight Almighty Power,
Rapt with the Joys we found below.
'Tis past, Dear Cinthia, now let frowns be gone,
A Long Long Penance I have done
A Long Long Penance I have done
For Crimes alas ! to me unknown.

II.

In each soft hour of silent Night,
Your Image in my Dreams appears,
I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
Slumber in Foy but wake in Tears :
Ah ! faithless Charming Saint what will you do,
Let me not think I am by you,
Let me not think I am by you,
Lov'd less, Lov'd less, for being true.

Lucia. You see his wit tends to Honour and Gratitude : well, I look upon him to be the most Constant Creature in all *Madrid* : pray let me see his Letter.

Lawra. Ple reade it.

Just as I was entering Paradise to see my dear Saint at the appointed place, some malicious fury sent my Father to hinder me; who (do what I could) sent me back: This paper therefore must inform you, that I will not fail to night at 11. 'till when I languish in expectation of happiness, which none but you my dearest life could ever bring to

Your Antonio.

Lawra. Methinks Each Letter is a Magick Character that Charms away my reason; what shall I do *Lucia*?

Lucia. Meet him, meet him. — You must meet him upon Honour.

Eugen. Who's there? Daughter, where are ye? [*Eugenia within.*

Lawra. I'me coming Madam—my Mother as I live, I pray Heaven she has not heard us.

Lucia. Never fear her, we are of the Deaf side.

Lawra. Rowl on ye Minutes, that the glad hour may come,
When I shall prove a Lovers Constant Passion:
And Oh ye Powers that Pitty yielding Maids
By Youth and Love's bewitching Charms Ensnar'd,
Grant that his Tongue have not Advantage o're me.
But if at last I must be overcome,
If then the Lucky Victor should prove false;
Grant-they may never be believ'd agen,
And Beauty blefs no more Ungratefull Men.

[*Exeunt.*

The End of the First ACT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Don Fernand in a Night-gown, and Domingo.

D. Fern. Sir, I beseech ye, tell your Noble Lord, how much I am ashamed of my poor merit, and let him know, and from an honest heart, that sensibly acknowledges his favours, the humble gratefull Creature he has rais'd, lives only for his Service, and should be proud to spend his Dearest blood in the defence of such Exalted Virtue.

Dom. Sir, I shall tell him this.

D. Fern. Do my good Friend, and then what else is mine thou shalt Command, and all thy fellow-Soldiers. — I Love a very Dog that is *Don Garcia's*.

Dom.

Dom. I've not a Comrade in the Court of Guards, but would be glad to use his friendly Sword in a Revenge against your Enemies ; but setting this aside, how comes it Captain you are not at Court to day ?

D. Fern. Sir, I had design'd to be at the Kings Leve but the Taylor has hinder'd my purpose ; who if a man might rely on a Taylors Conscience, or take his Oath, was to come and Equip me this morning.

Dom. Not Signior Frisco, I hope.

D. Fern. The very fame.

Dom. The veriest Coxcomb living, the most Conceited Animal that ever Arm'd with Weapon one Inch Long, put Sleeve to Cassock for a Wedding day.

D. Fern. I guess'd him to be some Extraordinary fellow by his Fantastick Garb and formality.

Domingo. Sir, he's an Original of a Nice Nature, for his Cloaths are more gawdy then our *Don's* at Court, which how he maintains is to every one a wonder, for he's as poor as an honest Lawyer, and as proud as—

D. Fern. As a true Taylor.

Dom. Right Sir, which let his own Actions confirm, here he comes.

Enter Frisco Fantastically drest, with a Lacquey, bearing Don Fernands Cloaths under his Cloak.

Frisco. Noble Signior, in all Civility, and respect, I congratulate your fortune.

D. Fern. Signior, I shall ever be in your Debt in return of so great a Courtesy.

Dom. The Complement betwixt two Forreign Embassadors would not be half so Stately.

Frisco. Signior, the World has taken notice of your Singular Qualifications, and excellent Parts.

D. Fern. Signior, the World does me favour.

Frisco. Amongst whom most Noble Signior my self being a Person whose Particular Endowments are not altogether unknown, have an entire Ambition to do you Service.

D. Fern. Sir, I shall be unwearied in making my self gratefull.

Frisco. You yesterday in the Minority of the Morning were pleas'd to send a Lacquey to me, to acquaint me with your occasion for some Robes or Habits.

D. Fern. Your understanding was good, Sir.

Frisco. Upon which taking a due consideration of your merits, I order'd my Valet to writ on you, who return'd to me with the Exact dimensions

Dimensions of your Person, Mathematically taken, with a List of Yellow-Bays.

D. Fern. Right Sir, he took measure of me with it.

Frisco. Men have their Stars, and their Fates *Signior*, and Providence disposes every mans fortune according to his particular Genius, for my part I was design'd to Oblige my Nation, by the Excellency of this Art.

Dom. Ha, ha, ha! — Was there ever such a vain Rascal?

D. Fern. Sir, I should be much more satisfy'd if the Excellency of your Art might appear upon my Back, for according to your own Phrase I believe the Minority of the Morning is growing towards the Maturity.

Frisco. Be pleas'd then Sir to Strip, and because you are a Person whose ripening Virtue the World allows, this hand of mine that never toucht the Cassock of any man beneath his *Most Catholique Majesty*, or *Don Juan of Austria* — shall in all friendship Button your Doublet.

Dom. Is the Devil in thee for Lying, have I not seen thee dress my Lords Footman twenty times? § Don Fernand is

Frisco. How! Infamous Varlet! I dress § dressing this while...
a Footman, hah! dost thou long to be annihilated?

Dom. A Footman. — Sir, I have seen him for a Riall, sit two long Hours setting a patch upon the Cooks greasy Cassock.

Frisco. Scoundrel thou dy'st, Sir your Pardon — [to Fernand.
Honour must be satisfied, I will only go and Scow'r my Spado in his small Gutts a little, and be with ye again instantly, Varlet follow. [is going out, Fernand Stops him.

D. Fern. Come, 'twas only a Mistake, you shall be friends again. If you thwart him we shall lose all the Jest. [Aside to Domingo.

Frisco. A Cook, the Manes of my Family would rise from their Tombs, and blast me were I guilty of such Ignominy. Perhaps at the humble Petition of the Poor Vermin, who knew my Charitable disposition, I might quallify the Cassock with a remedy against Cold, or so; but a Patch, a filthy Patch I abominate.

D. Fern. Well Sir, digressing from this Mistake a little, what am I in your debt for this favour.

Frisco. Sir, amongst men of Honour, are no Debts for Courtesies; a profitable regard to Ingenuity, or so, if you please.

D. Fern. Well Sir, Your own way then, how much?

Frisco. Some Ninety Dollars.

D. Fern. At what time?

Frisco. To morrow after Vespers, Critically three minutes after Seaven.

D. Fern. You shall be serv'd, Sir.

Frisco. *Cavaliero Balilos Manos.*

[Exit Frisco.

D. Fern.

D. Fern. Ha, ha, ha— what a strange Monster Affectation and Folly have made of this fellow?

Dom. Sir, this is nothing to his Extravagance at other times; 'tis reported he hears amongst the *Bunditti*, and Robbing maintains the Vanity of his Garbe; for to work is Death to him,— but see Sir here comes my Lord.

Enter Don Garcia, and Diego, and a Guard, and 2 Footmen.

Diego. Why am I your Prisoner my Lord? what have I done, that you put your Caniballs, your Man-eaters here upon me my Lord?

D. Gar. Sirrah give 'em good words you were best, lest they beat better manners into ye; here's a Letter from your Father Sir, who desires me to Imprison ye till he comes; he informs me here, that to his great comfort you are grown a —

Diego. A what my Lord? —

D. Gar. A Fool Sir.

Diego. Why if I am, there's the less reason to Imprison me!

D. Gar. A mad mischievous fool Sir; A fool that should be whipt; you shall know more presently — Captain, Good morrow, the King receives you well, and has given orders for your speedy dispatch to *Toledo*, where your Company is Quarter'd; your further bus'ness you shall know anon.

D. Fern. My Lord, I have blusht so much already to think of my unworthyness, that if I now look pale—believe it rather to be through fear of performance than any confidence of my Merit.

D. Gar. Your Merit receives no damage Sir by your Modesty; and your Courage shall be put to the proof suddenly.

D. Fern. Your Lordship shall always find me ready and Obedient.

D. Gar. The King has Order'd four Companies to be sent into *Flanders*, of whom I believe yours is design'd one.

D. Fern. My Lord, I am ready at an hours warning.

Diego. But what a Devill am I kept here for? Oh this Confounded Father of mine — ods-heart I shall knock him o'th head one time or another, I shall never be able to endure him long.

Enter Don Ariell with Lopez, Vanling-Master, Singers, and Dancers.

Don Garcia. Oh here comes *Don Ariell*, now Sir we shall know your Virtues.

Don Ariell. Oh are ye there Sirrah; my Lord, I humbly thank your Lordship for securing that ugracious Rascal, who as I was enform'd was intending to run away, turn Vagabond, and desert my house, to the utter dishonour of my Family, like a damn'd Villain: Come Sirrah, in the

first

first place give this worthy Signior satisfaction for the last affront you put upon him; ask him pardon Sirrah.

Diego. I'll not ask him pardon, not I.

D. Ar. Ask him pardon, I say, Sirrah, give him satisfaction.

Diego. Ay, ay, I'll give him satisfaction presently; come stand aside, I'll fight with him; I'll satisfy the Rogue; come I'll fight with him.

D. Ar. Fight with him, did ye ever hear such a Villain my Lord? he's for fighting with his Mathematician, he's for demolishing all the Sciences at one thrust: Sirrah, Sirrah, ask him pardon, or with your Leave my Lord he shall be ty'd Neck and Heels.

D. Gar. With all my heart Sir, it shall be done; this Fool gives us an Excellent Scene of diversion. [to Fernand.

Diego. Shall it be done my Lord?

D. Gar. Ay, ay, it shall be done; we are upon the Court of Guard, and Discipline must be us'd.

Diego. Why then it shall not be done my Lord, and I do ask thee pardon, Oh thou Cursed Mathematician, before this Company Old Counterscarp, I do ask thee pardon, but Gad, if e're I catch thee alone—look to't. [apart.

D. Ar. Oh! is your Stomach come down, Sir?

Diego. Down Sir, — I think 'twould bring any ones Stomach down Sir, to be ty'd Neck and Heels like a Calf in a pair of panniers—but if ever I catch him alone—

D. Ar. My Lord, will your Lordship believe me, I am half distracted with this Boy; he makes me Sick with fretting; I can neither Eat, nor Drink, nor Sleep; t'other Night I dreamt I was beating him, and with the violence of my motion, most unfortunately batter'd all my knuckles against the Bed-post.

D. Gar. Ha, ha,— a very unlucky accident faith, Sir.

D. Fern. Ha, ha, ha—

D. Ar. Come Sirrah, this is not all your task, yet, here's your Vaulting-Master, and your Singing-Master, and your Dancing-Master, that you must be reconcil'd too before you and I part yet.

Diego. I'll have nothing to do with them, whatever comes on't, unless it be this way, I'll fight 'em if they will; come I'll fight with 'em.

D. Ar. Look he's at's fighting again: My Lord has your Lordship ne're a Wooden-Horse hereabouts.

D. Gar. Oh, yes Sir, there's one below, I use it frequently.

D. Ar. Take him away, on my Honour he shall Ride, he shall Mount most certainly with a Hundred Pound Weight at each Leg; away with him, what say ye my Lord?

D. Gar. Ay, ay, ride, he must ride.

Diego. Must I ride, my Lord?

D. Gar. Ay, ay, by all means, 'tis another point of Discipline.

Diego.

Diego. Gentlemen I beg all your pardons — I will not ride, my Lord, therefore d'ye see I beg all your pardons — but gad if e're I catch either of ye alone — look to't. [*apart.*

D. Ar. Oh d'ye bend, d'ye stoop, are ye to be taken up, Sir ?

Diego. Ay, riding the Wooden-Horse is to be taken up indeed.

D. Ar. My Lord, was there ever such a fond Father as I am ? nay, to say the truth, I am a fool of a Father ; why here have I provided these Ingenious Persons to instruct him in all the Qualities belonging to a Gentleman ; all incomparable Persons, my Lord, the very Pearls of Spain ; my Lord, if your Lordship pleases you shall see 'em practice.

D. Gar. With all my heart, Sir.

D. Ar. Come, Gentlemen, a little of your Art ; and first you Sir ; and *Diego*, Sirrah let me see you follow him. } *Here the Vaulting-Master Vaults, and Diego imitates him awkerdly.*

D. Ar. Oh Devilish awker'd Rogue, he leaps just like a Cow over a Stile ; Gadzooks I'll Vault my self, you shall see me outdo him presently Old as I am ; my Lord, when I was a young Fellow I could have firkt it away ; I could have done it in some perfection ; but tough as I am I think I can get up yet. [*Here D. Ariell Vaults.*

D. Fern. Excellently well perform'd I faith *Don*.

D. Ar. A little Stiff, a little Stiff ; but however I come-off you see.

D. Gar. Come-off, why *Don Diego* there is nothing t'ye.

D. Ar. He, hang him, a Lump, a Logg, he's good for nothing ; come now let's have a little Singing and Dancing.

Spanish Dance here.

D. Ar. What think ye now, my Lord, are they not rare fellows in their way ?

D. Gar. Sir they are in my Opinion (as you say) the very pearls of Spain, and yet I think *Diego* they do not edify at all.

D. Ar. Not a jot : Why there's my Plague Sir — here's *Sgnior Semibreif* has been teaching him his Notes this six months, and the dull Rogue is got no further then *Sol Sol*, yet — he has none of my mettle in him gadzooks ; I believe he was chang'd at Nurse. ^

D. Gar. Come, you shall both go and Sup with me, where we'll Reconcile these matters in a Bumper of Sherry : Captain, you are my Guest to night ; I must give ye a Rouse before ye go.

Diego. To night you may use me as you please ; but in the morning I'll to my Old Jolly Gang the *Banditti*, and defy my Father, the Devill and all ill fortune.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Don Antonio.

D. Anton. The Watch is set, and by the Generall Stillness o're the Court, I guess the King's in bed: all Eyes but those of Lovers, & the sick, address themselves to sleep, whilst I, impatient with throbbing heart, and Eager Expectation, wait for the kind approach of heavenly beauty to bless my Service, and reward my Love; oh the dear Creature, I never think on her, never reflect on her delightfull person, but all her charms, her Youth, Witt, Mein, and Graces, open the Wound her Eyes long since have made; and I am dying when I'me absent from her; yonders the Sign, that light Set in her Window is plac'd to guide me into Paradise, just so I've read the beauteous maid of *Sestos* guided through *Helespont* her vigorous Lover, to the warm harbour of her willing Arms; but yet I hope I shall have better luck then he, for his return was fatal—ha! the Window opens, hift, hift—

Enter Lawra above.

Lawra. Who's there?

Anton. Does not thy beating-heart inform thy Sences, and tell thee 'tis *Antonio*?

Lawra. Speak lower, you are come too soon.

Anton. How is that possible, if thou art kinde and Lovest me?

Lawra. My Mother is not yet in bed.

Anton. Then I'me too soon indeed, what in the name of wonder can that Old *Sibill* be doing thus late? hah! Is she Conjuring?

Lawra. Yes, to defend the Honour of her Daughter against all Injurious Night-walkers.

Anton. If she be good at Spells—tell her a poor distressed Lover here, whose heart is Wounded by her Daughters Eyes, and Cause him to wander at this uncouch Season, desires a Charm against 'em.

Lawra. A Sparkling bottle tell him, and his Naturally Levity will do the business without Spells or Charms.

Anton. Not when, what caus'd the hurt can only Cure it. I'gad it was plaguily guest tho—

[aside.]

Lawra. And what is that Dissembler?

Anton. Thy Eyes, thy Tongue, thy Lips, thy every Grace; for as thou art all-over killing Charms, so every touch of thee is medicinable.

Lawra. Away you flatterer.

Anton. Would I were near thee but to kiss that falshood from off those pretty

pretty lips, lest it should taint 'em.

Lawra. D'ye not flatter me?

Anton. No by my Soul that hovers round thy bosome, nor never did?

Lawra. And will you love me as you should?

Anton. Tye me not up my dearest Life to forms; to love thee as I should is most Impossible, thy merit is beyond our best of service, then who can love so well as thou deserv'st?

Lawra. But honourably as you should, and me only?

Anton. Thee, thee only — pray heaven I have virtue enough to keep my word with her, for I am a strange unconstant dog in my nature, that's the truth on't. [*aside.*

Lawra. Swear to that.

Anton. By thy dear self, by all that's Sacred; So there's a neat Equivocation to save a man from Perjury now.

Lawra. Hark, hark.

[*Noise.*

Anton. Hah! what's the matter?

Lawra. I think I hear her stir, I must go see, take you another turn in the Piazzas, and by that time all will be secure, and the door shall be open'd to ye. [*Exit Lawra.*

Anton. Then by that door I go to Paradise, and revell in the sweets of Love and Beauty; the Angels do no more: Youth, Health, and Fortune, Wine, Vigour, Wit, and Melting, Charming woman: what Epicure could ever wish for more? 'tis all the Generous brave man can covet, and only Dross is the whole world besides.

[*Exit Antonio.*

Enter Don Fernand.

Don Fernand. 'Twas well I had the temper to retire, before the Brimmers had gone once more round, else I had certainly been dipt and soundly, for mine are such untoward brains for drinking, a glass beyond my Customary draught, is apt to fluster me: Where am I now? Oh! 'tis the street I think that fronts the Pallace. Now all ye gawdy spangles of the Sky that deck the Robe of melancholly night, Glimmer enough that I may grope my way home to my Lodging, and then I'll be thankful; gad I'me very Poetical to night, send me good luck after it.

Lawra looks out.

Lawra. Hift, hift — come nearer the Window.

D. Fern. Hah!

Lawra. There's the Key; open the door your self, and come up softly, be quick and carefull, and make no noise as you love me. § *Flings out a key wrapped in a handkercher.*

[*Exit Lawra.*

D. Fern. A Ladies Voice, a Key thrown to me, with a soft Command

D

to

to enter and come to her ; here's an Adventure now, ten to one but this is some Rich Heiress that is fall'n in Love with me, and has taken this way, and the obscurity of the night, to declare her Passion : Well *Fernand* thou art in the Post of a Younger Brother, and should'st not refuse a Fortune so quaintly thrown upon thee : No, I am resolv'd to enter come what will on't. [*Fernand opens the door and goes in.*]

Antonio returns.

Antonio. The Corigidore and the Patroll are walking yonder, searching I think for somebody ; if they had found me instead of him they lookt for, as 'twas but a Chance I escap't, I had made a fine nights work on't, and my Intrigue had gone hopefully forward : But praise be given to my quick Eyes, I sculkt behind a Pillar, and they past me — now to the happy door here — what already open'd — here's a dispatch for ye ; ah — there's nothing like a kind Young Charming Rogue that's willing — the business of her Love is done with such Alacrity, it gives a vast addition to the Pleasure — well 'tis a pretty sweet-natur'd Soul, and I'gad I'll Reward her immediately. [*Exit.*]

SCENE Changes. Enter Don Fernand.

Fernand. Where I am I know not, nor how to get further, and now I think better on't, if instead of my Rich Heiress this should be the house of some Nymph of Pleasure, some wanton Lady of the Lake, that has a fancy for my Person, and taking me for a *Minor* (as indeed I am at these matters) has betray'd me hither, gad I'me afraid the prize would be hardly worth the hazzard ; therefore in due time I'll retire.

[*is going out.*]

Enter Don Antonio.

Don Antonio. Who's that ?

D. Fern. Hah ! — nay, then I'me betray'd indeed.

D. Anton. Methought I heard some footing — no, 'twas only my fancy ; but why is the Key taken out of the door when the Guard are coming up the street, and ten to one will enter finding a house left open ? I must be resolv'd in this.

D. Fern. 'Tis so, this is some Bravo that has seen me come in, and intends to surprize me in the dark, but I'll be too quick for him : now fortune —

*Stabs him with a Ponyard
and Antonio falls.*

Anton. Oh this base woman ! oh !

D. Fern. Ay ay — 'tis a Bawdy-house I know it by his railing at a woman. Lye there Sir, 'tis better in your guts then mine, and so farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Enter Laura.

D. Anton. Oh base, base Infamous Woman !

Laura. Ah then my fears are true, my Mother has discover'd us, Kill'd *Don Antonio*, and I'm the next reserv'd to feel her Vengeance.

Eugen. Within. Call up my Servants—bring Lights here.

Laura. Hark she's coming ; Oh Heaven ! I dare not meet her Rage. Distraction, Death, Confusion, what shall I do ? Or whither shall I fly ? Hide me, ye Gloomy shades of friendly Night ; wrap me in Foggy Mists, black as my fortune, for thus to you I Dedicate my Sorrows.

Far from this house, the Scene of Cruelty,
And from a barbarous Mothers Rage I fly.

[*Exit Laura.*

Enter Eugenia, with Servants.

Eugen. Angels defend and keep me : what's the matter ? who is it that at this Strange hour of night affrights us thus with Groans and Exclamations ? what do I see a man all bloody ? speak, what are ye ? if Age and grief, have not quite blinded me, you should be *Don Antonio*.

D. Anto. Madam, I am the same—and wounded, but not kill'd.

Eugen. How came ye hither, and who us'd ye thus ?

D. Anton. I have not breath to tell ye all the Story, for I bleed apace ; let this suffice in the instant, that your Daughter, your daughter is the Cause.

Eugen. Oh most Eternal Scandall to my house, go fetch her hither.

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Madam, her Chamber-door is open and she's not there.

Eugen. Not there, where is she ? oh my distracting fears !

Lucia. Not in the house, I'm Certain Madam.

Eugen. Not in the house, where then ? oh heaven ! what is become of her ? Run into the City—Alarm all the Watches ; [*to Servants.* Run, fly away to every par o'the Town ; bring her again, I shall grow madd else : Oh *Laura, Laura!*

Enter Corigidore and Guard.

Corig. What's the Matter, Madam ?

Eugen. Oh I'm Ruin'd, lost, undone, undone for ever, no peace can ever from this Moment bless me.

Enter Don Fernand.

D. Fern. Now the Guard is here, I think I may venture in unsuspected, and hear a little news. [*aside*]

What is the Matter, Captain ?

Eugen. A man almost Murther'd in my house, and my daughter gone, oh my daughter !

D. Fern. Alas, alas ! Is the Gentleman kill'd ? pray let me see his face ?

Corig. Pray Sir respite your Curiosity, he's a man of quality, and must not be Expos'd—take him up, and get surgeons instantly ; I'll take Care of him to night, and to morrow this business shall be Examined throughly.

[*Guards carry off Antonio.*]

Eugen. Oh *Lawra*, *Lawra* ! oh my Cruell fortune.

D. Fern. What a horrid Mischief has my rash adventure brought on this poor Lady, whose tears methinks are Drops of my hearts blood : I've such affliction for her ; this comes of Intreaguings : ah plague of my Curiosity. [*aside.*]

Corig. Madam, what assistance I can give you you shall soon Command.

D. Fern. And tho' a Stranger Madam, perhaps my service may not be altogether useless ; therefore I beseech you have patience, your daughter cannot be lost so easily.

Eugen. Her honour's lost however, which is her better part, for such an action as this is, must depend on worse consequences then yet I know ; sure, never Mother, had such fate as mine : my Son was lost or murder'd in his Infancy, and now my Daughter that should be my comfort, and prove the darling blessing of my Age, whose youth I train'd in the strict Rules of Virtue, restrain'd her liberty to curb her passions : and did what e'er a Cautious Parent could ; runs from my house, heaven-knows for what Crimes committed — but I must fear 'em foul and horrible, oh 'tis too much to bear ; my reason fails me, and grief within me takes such full possession, there is no room for comfort : Oh *Fernand* — *Lawra*, oh !

[*Exit weeping.*]

Corig. I'll follow and comfort her all I can, and wish I knew the Author of this mischief, the Rack or Wheel were not punishment enough for him.

D. Fern. Say ye so, I'll keep him from your knowledge *Signior*, for that reason — d's death the Rack and the Wheel did he say ? if punishment for such a Crime must be at so severe a rate, i'gad they shall read in the Stars to find the Criminal for *Fernand* : — Racks and Strapado's are too rigid a Test for a young Officer, Scarce warm in his Commission ; and besides to lose it too by a Cursed blind adventure almost before a man's secure 'tis his own, is a Policy not reasonable to one that has the blessing

bleſſing of any brains in's head; therefore dear *Don* keep thy own Counſell and be ſafe,

Secrets like Spirits ſhould be kept with Care,
Their Virtue's loſt if ever they take Air.

The End of the Second ACT.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Poor Thatcht Cottage where are Discover'd at a Table amongſt Poets and Glaſſes, the Banditti; viz. Leon, Friſco (in other Cloaths) Rufino, with three or four more, and Megæra.

Leon. Come my brave hearts, let's have the t'other Rouſe, and let it go round.

Ruf. Well ſaid my noble Captain; come here's to our good ſucceſſes to day, fill, fill all. [*Drinks.*]

Leon. With all my heart i'faith, and may it prove ſome young new-fledg'd Goſſing, ſome Milk-ſop Heir, that has juſt rub'd his Chin upon his Grandmothers whiskers, receiv'd her bleſſing of five hundred Dollars, and with this pretty Load is coming ſluſh to Town; with intent to ſee faſhions, but really to be entertain'd by the way, and eas'd of his burthen by us the Knights of the order of Induſtry. [*Drinks.*]

3 Band. Methinks I have him in my Clutches already, the palm of my hand itcheſ; we ſhall have good luck to day:

Friſco. Hey—hum— [*Fr. ſighs, and walks melancholy about.*]

Leon. Wife, be ſure you look to your Charge, take heed the *Corrigidore* find us not: The noble Fraternity of the *Banditti* of *Naples* now fled for Refuge into *Spain* may be broke for want of Policy, therefore beware of thoſe Cold-blouded Fellows; that feed upon the ſteem of Juſtice; remember that we are the Children of the Sun, hot, vigorous, and like him, prone to Rapine, and ever in action.

Megæra. Good Lord, how wiſe you are with your Cautions and Advice of late, pray give your mouldy documents to your Minors, your Callow Rascally Theives that carry Prayer-books in their Pockets, and trouble not your head with tutoring me; what! I have not been a Thief this 50 years for nothing ſure.

[*ſpeaks mumbling as without teeth.*]

Leon. *Meg.* I beg thy pardon, I have wrong'd thee; Gentlemen, ſhe is in the right; ſhe has been a *Virtuoſa* this fifty years.

Rufin. Let her Health go round: Come Gentlemen, here's the Captains Ladies Health:

Friſco.

Frisco. Hey, hum—ho—

[*sighs, and sits down apart.*]

3. *Band.* How now *Signior Frisco* ! What ill fate has clouded your Phiz to Night ? why in this Lowring Mood *Signior* ha !—

Frisco. Hey, Hum—

Meg. It may be the good Gentleman is not well ; shall I fetch you some of my distillings Gentleman ; they are Comfortable I can assure ye ; I have made a great deal of good-water in my time.

[*Exit.*]

Leon. If gains can cure a mans Distemper I'me sure he gets more then any two of us.

3. *Band.* How so Captain, do we not Share ?

Leon. Why first by being of the *Banditti*, and next by being a Taylor, a double-Theif has double-profit, and now you have it, —*Meg*, go your ways and get my Comrads Something for breakfast, d'ye hear—

[*Exit Megara.*]

Rufin. He's in his Raggs now, but we shall see him flant it like a *Don* in the City at night.

Frisco. Gentlemeu, heaven continue your mirth, but alas ! 'tis not my Cue at present, I aim to Act a Scene of Sorrow.

Leon. Sorrow ! gad if Sorrow comes amongst us he shall be kick'd out of the Company, we'll have no moods, [Enter *Diego*. nor figures here, but such as are diverting ; hah ! what my noble Squire *Diego*, *Basilos manos* ; why I have been in despair, I have not seen thee so long—Gentlemen, all Salute him ; this is the worthy person that I have so long Expected. [They all Salute him.

Diego. I am come at last Captain.

Leon. And thou art welcome my brave Lad as heart can wish.

Diego. I have been damnably plagu'd with that old Huncks my Father, but I have given him the slip at last.

Leon. Hast robb'd him noble heart ?

Diego. Robb'd him, what robb my Father ?

Leon. Father, Pox ! a meer word, a titular notion for him that had the Comfort of begetting thee, besides he's not thy Father that is a foe to thy Liberty and Bravery of Spirit : he's a Scandall to thy blood, and may be robb'd as all these Gentlemen here shall affirm—what say ye ?

Rufin. May be Robb'd, Captain—he must be Robb'd that's Flat.

Band. Ay ! Or the honour of our profession will have a foul blemish upon it, that's certain. What think you *Signiour Frisco* ?—come prethee leave thy dumps and cheer-up.

Frisco. Why has my worthy Brother then let slip so fair an Opportunity, is he not robb'd ?

Diego. No faith, I only took away all that I could lay my hand on ; I did not robb him, I only Snapt a Modicum or So.

Funo. Modicums are better then nothings, had you brought away nothing, you had shame'd the fraternity—but if we share tho' but of a Modicum,

Modicum, the Science receives no blemish.

Omn. Right, right.

Diego. But he shall be robb'd if I live ; since Gentlemen you say my honour is concern'd in't— come *Signior Frisco*, prethee let's have a cup round, thou art Melancholly.

Leon. If thou hast griefs, thou hast more need of comforters : come, come, discover.

Frisco. Why then because I know ye all men of worth, and such whose unquestion'd virtues mount up to the very Standard of honour, as my equal brothers in all fame and reputation, I will unfold to you — know then that I have here receiv'd a Letter.

Leon. From a Whore, *Signior*.

Frisco. Captain, this is a serious bus'ness and will require your sagacity ; I have I say receiv'd from *Segovia* a Letter from my Brother.

3 Band. Very well, Sr.

Frisco. He is a person, whom without vanity I may declare to be the most noted man in Office in all the City, being the publique retainer to Justice ; In a word Gentlemen, he's—

Leon. The Hangman there.

Frisco. He is so—as the rude Vulgar nominate it.

Leon. A very publique Officer indeed.

Frisco. Ah Sir, the most dextrous person at his bus'ness ; so acute, expert and ingenious in affairs of this nature, that whoever had seen him, would have even long'd to come under his hands.

Diego. Faith Brother I think I should not much long for all that.

Frisco. Truly Sir, you would (but to proceed) he writes me word here, that my good old Father, peace be with him (he was a notable humourist Gentlemen, if you had known him) lately suffer'd under his hands.

Diego. Hang'd I beseech ye, Sir?

Frisco. Yes Sir, his dissolution happen'd to be that way. [*sighing*.

Leon. Alack, alack, he was not of our Profession, was he ?

Frisco. No Sir, he was only for Nimming of Cloaks, and Cutting of Purfes, he was altogether for the re-tale Trade.

Rufin. A great fault indeed, had he been a whole-sale man he might have flourish't many a fair day.

Frisco. Oh, oh, oh—

[*Howles*.

Rufin. Have patience good brother, have patience.

Frisco. As to our mother, tho' yet living he says little better of her. For she is in the Inquisition of *Tolledo*—

Leon. For what, prithee *Signior* : this Letter does not mention that ; what is she a Bawd ?

Frisco. No *Signior*, she's a Witch ; A Bawd ! alack a day she always hated such mean qualities ;—And now I warrant shall I lose her too within this week— oh oh !

Leon. Well, well, prithee have patience ; come these are all Transitory things, and must be endur'd.

Diego. Ay that's true, but in troth 'twould vex one to lose a Couple of such virtuous Parents for all that, gads'lid, would my father were there in sted of one of 'em.

Leon. Come my Ladds, to divert this Melancholly humour, let's have a Song, and a dance, then a glasse round, and defy all the World, the Devil, and Fortune : come away with't.

The Song and Dance here.

I.

1. Ban.

The Joys of Court or City,
The fame of Fair or Witty
Are Toys to the Banditti,
Whilst our Cupps we Drein.

II.

2. Ban.

We Love, we Laugh, we lye here,
We Eat, we drink, we dye here,
And Valliantly defy here
All the Power of Spain.

III.

But when by our Scout, a Prize we find
We all Run out to Seize him,
Stand, Stand, we Cry,
Or ye Dog ye Dye
Without any more ado.

IV.

Chorus.

All this brings us no Slander,
Each Conquering great Commander,
And Mighty Alexander,
Were Banditti's too.

V.

1. Ban.

Some we Bind, and some we Gag,
Some we Strip and Plunder,
Some that have store of Gold
Into our Cave we draw :

VI.

VI.

Chorus.

*Thus like first Moulded Matter
Our Principles we Scatter,
'Twas Folly made good Nature,
And fear that first made Law.*

VII.

2. Ban.

*And when we come home our Daxies run
To bid us kindly welcomes,
Plump, Fresh, and Young, all down do lye
On Beds of Moss to Sport.*

VIII.

Chorus.

*Thus Every Valiant Ranger
Lyes at Rack and Manger,
And be thats' past most danger
Has most Kisses for't.*

IX.

1. Ban.

*Fools do Whine and Sigh and Pine,
Fools fall sick of Feavers,
Fools deat on fleeting Joys
That oft does Ruine bring :*

X.

Chorus.

*Whilst without begging pitty
Of the Rich, the Fair, or Witty ;
The Brave, the Bold Banditti
Has the self same Thing.*

Enter Megæra.

Megara. Breakfast is ready Gentlemen, pray be pleas'd to walk in, why who is here ? what my Bully, my Prince, my *Pyramus*, my *Thisbe*, my worshipfull Son and Noble Squire *Don Diego* — *Pfack* I must have a Buss. [*Kisses him*] Why blessing on thy heart, and how go matters chicken, hah ! Good lack what a Chopping boy 'tis grown, I Remember the Theif when he was no bigger then my Thumb.

Diego. Very well, I thank ye Grannum — oh the Devill ! that Kiss has blasted me, her breath stinks worse then a Rotten Oyster. [*aside.*

Leon. Noble Squire and Gentlemen, pray walk in, and fall too : I'll but have a word or two with my honny-suckle here and be with ye presently.

Diego. Honey-suckle—would the Dee'l had had her for a Nose-gay, so I had mis'd her, pagh—
[Spirits. *Exit*]

[*Exeunt all but Leon and Meg.*]

Leon. Meg.—I have formerly told thee what must be done with this same young Snipe, he is to Rob his Fathers house for us ye old Buttock, and then we shall have wealth enough; therefore be sure to wheele him neatly; be officious and respectfull to him, d'ye hear.

Meg. Ple Nigle him, I warrant ye: Ah some 20. years ago I could have Neigl'd A Young fellow so that he should not have had a Cross left to blefs himself: But time was ever Spitefull to Beauty, however I think I have a tongue left.

Leon. Why faith 'tis but reason thou shouldst have a tongue left, for to my knowledge thou hast ne're a Tooth.

Meg. Ye lye like a Jack-an-apes: I have a friend or two here in a Corner, or if I had not I have Gums Rascall, han't I?

Leon. Ay, ay, thou hast so, and there's an end on't, and be but dilligent about the Squire, and we are made for ever.

Meg. Yet again advising; pray mind your own bus'ness; I've naturall affection for him, he shall not scape me.

Leon. A naturall affection, *Meg.*

Meg. And what then, what if I have; what are you the wiser now? pray get ye in and see that your Gentlemen Guests Steal nothing; And don't think to Pump me: Why ye Puppy you, d'ye think to Pump me?

Enter Lawra.

Leon. How now—What have we here?

Lawra. I have been wandring all this dreadfull night, to finde a place of Shelter for my Sorrows, but till this minute Could not be so happy; this Roof is humble, and it's homely outside, shews 'tis the Seat of Poverty and Peace, pray heaven the Inhabitants are kind and honest.

Meg. Bless-us, who's this?

Leon. I am Confounded; I never saw such a Creature in my life.

Lawra. Good People, for I hope I call ye right, wonder not at my strange Intrusion; alas! you are below the stroakes of fortune, and therefore feel not the distresse of others, but if your hearts did ever harbour pity; if tender nature has a place within ye, give a poor wretch by Tyrant Love undone, a shelter for her grief within your dwelling.

Leon. Why *Meg.* why don't ye speak to the Gentlewoman? why don't ye shew your breeding ye old Jade; for my own part her face has made me both blind and dumb: The devil take me, if I can speak a word to her.

Meg. Alas good Gentlewoman! are ye in Love d'ye say?

Lawra. Love is too true a Cause of all my Sorrows.

Meg.

Meg. Why Love is a terrible thing indeed, it is so indeed; for in my younger years I had like to have been distracted with it my self.

Leon. What an Eye she has; and what a delicate straight taper shape:— I am enchanted, I know not where I am. [aside.]

Meg. Good Lack, why what Luck's here, she's plaguee Rich in Jewells, I see—And besides, I warrant this young Creature has many a good thing about her, if the truth were known: Well Pritty face, and would you lodge in Our house, did you say?

Lawra. If you would be so kind to entertain me, I would for a day or two, till some affairs I have are settled; indeed I shall be very little trouble, besides I'll pay for what I have and largely, for I have wealth enough.

Leon. I am glad of that faith—why was there ever such a Lucky dog as I am, to have an Angell here dropt from the Skyes into my house, without my seeking: I know not how I deserve it, for I han't been at prayers this 20 years.

Meg. Well, well, you may have a Lodging, we will make a shift to find a place for you.

Leon. *Meg.* d'ye here, tell her she shall lye in my bed.

Lawra. How Sr.

Meg. Hold your tongue and be hang'd—he means Chick that we will remove, and you shall have our bed alone to your self.

Leon. What a little little pretty foot is there too? would she wou'd let me kiss it?

Meg. Come, Come, pray be Cheerfull,—what an Eye the little witch has; I'me glad to see ye here; you are a young Gentlewoman, a handsome young Gentlewoman, & should be merry, d'ye love Company?

Lawra. Oh by no means, no Company.

Meg. No Company, hum—

Lawra. Nor would I have my coming known to any, for well I know search will be made for me, and if I'me taken I'me undone for ever.

Meg. Why have you Stole any thiug, Pretty face, that you fear apprehending?

Lawra. No, nothing but my self, and that's a small prize: To be more plain with ye, I fly from the Anger of a cruell Mother. who to take vengeance on my Easy nature, for plighting Amorous Vows without her knowledge, design'd to kill me; as she did my freind, this last fatal night, the time appointed, to Rattify our Vows.

Leon. Madam, never fear her, you shall be safe here as a theif in a Mill: there's my hand on't:—ds'death [striking her rudely]
what a touch was there—she has brought me into such a Condition I know not what to do with my self.

Lawra. After a day or two when the Search is over, I intend to put my self in the protection of an Unkle dwelling at Toledo, whither if you are willing to conduct me, I will most gratefully reward your Care.

Meg. Ay ay, with all our hearts, wee'l do any thing for ye, int'roth 'tis pity so handsome a Gentlewoman should be so ill us'd. Come pray give me your hand and go in and rest your self—ah how my Captain Rogue there leers at her [*aside*] and gapes as if he would Eat her up, but I'll watch your waters i'faith Sirrah—Come along, I warrant poor heart your are weary, hah.

Laura. A little indeed Mother.

Meg. Why look ye there now. Come Come along then.

Laura. You shall be blest and paid well for this kindness that I'm resolv'd on. [*Exeunt*]

Leon. And my pretty little twinkling Rogue, thou shalt be rob'd and Ravish'd, there's kindness for kindness and that I am resolv'd on.

[*Exit Leon.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Don Antonio in his Night-Gown and Grillon.

Don Antonio. My inward vexation for the Treachery of this base woman I believe is one cause my Wound heals no faster, I never think on her but it Confounds me more and more; for who could have imagin'd so Young and as I thought so Innocent a Creature (a Plague of my Credulous folly) should be possess'd with so much of the Devill, to Plot to Murder one she swore she lov'd: who e're had seen the charming smiling mischief, with killing Eyes all bath'd in liquid Love, darting her Soul to mine, but would have ventur'd, ventur'd as I did to the shore of Beauty; and thought for once there might be truth in Woman—But Dam her she's gone and there's an end on't. Now Sirrah what is your Noddle entertaining it self withall?

Grillon. Gad Sir, I was casting up how many times I am to be whipt through the body as being an Agent in your Intrigues, at the rate of once a Month, before I arrive to my Chimactericall year.

D. Anton. how many times—let me see—not above Fifty.

Grill. Thereabouts, I believe.

D. Anton. Sirrah, that Skin of yours is large and strong, and can endure twenty or thirty holes more in't then another mans.

Grill. Yes, yes, and when I Dye, my whole body will look like a Target, shot through by a Regiment of Archers: I shall come to great honour.

Anton. Too good for ye Sirrah, besides 'twill be the best Exercise that can be.

Grill. Oh the best in the World Sir, I don't doubt but I shall have a blessed

a blessed time on't, and now I think on't Sir, will ye give me leave to beg a favour of ye?

D. Anton. Well Sir.

Grill. Why faith I have a Wench yonder is to be won by the Sword too: will ye Tilt for me once, I know you are a man of honour.

D. Anton. No Sirrah, I shall be accessary to your Damnation then, and I am oblig'd to take care of your Soul.

Grill. Why there's the Devill now, oh the Ingratitude of this Age; Pox on't did I ever refuse to be your Second?

D. Anton. Ha, ha, ha — look out some body [*knock within.*]
knocks, d'ye hear? then run to *Dona Elvira's* house and give my humble service; you know the rest.

[*Exit Grillon.*]

Enter Don Garcia and Don Fernand.

D. Gar. So Sir, Good morrowt'ye, in hopes that by this time you have enough considered on the Vanity of Idle frolicks, and Midnight fooleries, I bring you here a Young Officer who is Ambitious of your acquaintance, Sir.

D. Anton. Sir, all those you Introduce to me have a double share in my heart. [*Complement here.*]

D. Fern. Where I shall ever desire to continue Sir, and make it my humble suit to heaven to deserve the favour.

D. Gar. Prethee Captain take care he does not Debauch thee, for he's the lewdest Fellow in Town, and at this moment wears the very scratches of his Caterwawling upon his Person.

D. Fern. Have you been wounded lately I beseech ye, Sir?

D. Anton. Scratcht a little as my Father says the other night in the Dark, Sir.

D. Fern. In the Dark, Sir.

D. Anton. Ay Sir, about a Woman, a Plaguy Woman, Pox on her, I never had the Skirmish 'till the Bus'ness was done before.

D. Fern. Betray'd into some place and surpriz'd I warrant.

D. Anton. Even so Sir, by some *Don* of the Dark: d'ye hear any thing about the Town of the Discovery of any one that did such a mischief, Sir?

D. Fern. Not I Sir, would I did: unless I should Discover my self, for on my Conscience I am the very individual *Don* in the Dark that did the bus'ness. [*aside.*]

D. Gar. If the thrust had been one Inch further, I think Sir, all your Intreaguings had been at an End, and then what a Loss the Ladies would have had, is past apprehension, we should have had all the Court in Mourning without doubt.

D. Anton.

D. Anton. As to the Ladies loss Sir, I can say little to't, but if I had done otherwise then well, Gad your Lordship had lost the most Dutifull and hopefull Son in all Spain, that I dare affirm.

D. Gar. Your Servant Sir.

D. Anton. Yours Sir: what, I scorn to be behind-hand with any one in Civility?

D. Fern. But I beseech ye Sir, can you not guess at the person that did ye this Injury?

D. Anton. Not I faith Sir, would I could, but Hang him Dog, Bravo, Scoundrell, Villain, he must be one of the *Banditti*.

D. Fern. So;

D. Anton. Some base abject Ally-lurking slave that takes pay from the Worm-eaten Bawds of *Madrid*, to commit Murders, and for two Dollars and a Buff Doublet might be hired to stab his own Father: what think ye Sir, might he not?

D. Fern. It must be some base fellow without doubt, Sir.— So; he has loaded me with Titles of Honour I thank him—— [aside.]

D. Anton. I wish you and I had him here Sir; I know you are so much my friend, you'd have a Limb of the Rogue, at least.

D. Fern. He should not scape us easily Sir: now shall I be drawn in for a Second against my self, and Ingage my own Sword to cut my own Throat, I have a very hopefull bus'ness on't faith. [aside.]

Enter Grillon.

D. Anton. Now Sirrah, where's the Lady?

Grill. The Lady—— why the Lady is with a Lord.

Anton. How now fool!

Grill. Sr, they tell me She's engag'd with a French Count that's come hither to marry her.

D. Anton. Ye dog, no Jestng now, a French Count.

Grill. Even so, I'm sure I smelt him; for he has perfum'd all the Rooms he has gone through, he sent's like an an Essence-Bottle.

D. Gar. What Lady is this Sr? Not *Dona Elvira*, I hope, the Rich heiress.

D. Anton. The very same by this light Sir, and my wife that shall be in spite of *Monsieur Pulvilio*, or e're a Count in Christendom: *Grillon* get the Coach ready, I am well enough to go abroad, and gad I'll be with her instantly.

D. Gar. I hope he will get her from thee, ha, ha——

D. Anton. My Life for't, he shall get my sword in his Guts then: no, no, she's a Jewell not to be lost so easily; *Laura* I confess I only desired for my pleasure, but *Elvira* tyes me faster; she is to be my wife, the mother of my family: besides she's Rich as well as Beautifull, and who takes her from me shall make a worse hole in my side then I have already:

And

And so begging your Lordships pardon, I take leave Sir ; I shall be glad to be better known t'ye, in the mean time believe me your most humble Servant.

[Exit Antonio.]

D. Gar. A mad wild fellow Captain, but he shall get no mischief this time, for I will be near him, his body is not yet prepar'd for a Second Engagement: come let's follow.

As they are going out, Don Ariel meets 'em.

D. Ariel. Oh my good Lord! I am very glad I've met ye:

D. Gar. What's the matter Signiour?

D. Ariell. My Old Plague, my Lord, my old plague—he's gone again, he's lost, he's gone again:

D. Gar. Your Wits Signiour.

D. Ariell. My Son, my Lord, my rebellious Son; he Stole away this Morning from my house when I was fast asleep, and is gone the Dee't knows whither.

D. Gar. Faith I'me sorry he's so unruly Sir; but I've a little affair now about my own Son—which exacts my Company and forces me to begg pardon, and leave ye:

D. Ariell. Not in distress, I beseech your Lordship: consider my Case a little, I have lost my son, my boy *Diego*, my only son.

D. Gar. Why Sir, I have a son, an only Son too, that may be in danger of being lost if I prevent it not, therefore pray excuse me:

D. Ariell. Tho' he be an ungracious Villain, yet I can't chuse but have some bowells for him, my Lord:

D. Gar. With all my Heart Sir, but what would you have me do?

D. Ariell. I beseech your Lordship only to order a Guard to search for him, that's all my Lord, do but that for me.

D. Gar. And are ye sure he's in the Town?

D. Ariell. Why there's the Devil on't now, I know not where the Rascal is, whither in Town, or Country, or Village, or where he is: but I'll search the Kingdom round, but I'll have him; I'll ride to *Tolledo* my self to morrow; it may be the Villain is got lurking at my house there, and I'll have him if he be above ground.

D. Fern. And to oblige ye Sir, I'll keep you Company thither, for my Company quarters there, and I've a little bus'ness, but I go with much more willingness, having the favour to wait on you.

D. Ariel. Dost thou—why then thou'rt a brave fellow, and I'll kiss thee, gad would thou wert my Son, would thou wert a *Diego*: O my Conscience thou would'st not use me so,—but I'll make him an Example; I'll chain him by this hand if e're I get him again.

D. Gar. Come, come defer not the time then, but about it.

[Exit Fern.]

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Dona Elvira, Eugenia, Lucia, and Christina.

Elvira, Christina, bid the Porter, if the Count comes again, to say I'm not at home:—Dear Cozen you are welcome to my house; and let me beseech ye to respite your Sorrows a little: You know misfortunes are never made less by grieving, nor can our tears retrieve our fatal losses, you are here as if at home, all's at your Service; and what lyes at my power to Comfort you, believe, you shall command.

Lucia. Would I were either Married or Dead, for my part, for 'tis to no purpose to live thus: In my Conscience I have not seen a Man this ten days; for my Aunt is now really afraid of 'em, and will run away if she hears 'em say, yonders a man, as fast as a poor Traveller would from the barking of a Wolf in *Ireland*.

Eugen. Away you wild fool.

Lucia. Nay 'tis true upon my Credit, if I have seen any Creature of the Male-kind since my Cozen *Laura* has been gone, but the Parquite that hangs in the Closet, and Fiddle, our little Lap Dog, may I be condemn'd for a Nun at Eighteen, without ever having the Pleasure of peeping through the Grates.

Eugen. Was there ever such a Giddy Goose, her tongue runs on nothing all day long but Men, I think the Girl's mad? would thou hadst one in—

Lucia. In my Closet at home, i'faith, and would I had, so he were one I lik't.

Eugen. Pish 'tis in vain to talk to thee, th-u art so hair-brain'd; Cofin I accept your Courtesy with gratefull thanks; for I must needs acknowledge my own house is hatefull to me, which makes me (tho' with some unwillingness) give you this trouble.

Enter Christina.

Christin. Madam, there's a Gentleman at the Gate enquiring for ye, and is just lighting out of his Coach.

Eugen. Cozen, I'll beg your pardon, and retire, you have Company coming. [Exit Eugen.]

Lucia. For Heavens sake who is't?

Elvira. Don Antonio as I live—go Introduce him.

Elvira peeps out of the window.

Exit Christina.

Lucia. Don Antonio—

Elvira. The same, the Tyrant Antonio whom I fear in spite of all the Woman

Woman in my nature the tricks and subtleties that I have us'd, I shall be forc'd to marry at last.

Lucia. To marry!

Elvira. I'me very much afraid on't, the Match has been carrying on this two years betwixt his Father and my Uncle, but of late he begins to have an Interest here himself: Dear *Lucia*, step into the next room, I would not have him see you.

Lucia. Yet within this fortnight did I hear this Inconstant wretch swear to *Laura*, she was the only person he could Love; Oh Men! Abominable Men! if the Devil does not at one time or another, fetch ye away apick apack for these things, I shall swear by my Virginitie your Merits are not well rewarded: Now to my Chamber, where I will endeavour to listen and hear what this strange Impudence can say to her.

Enter Don Antonio.

D. Anton. Thus she appears like the bright dazzling Sun,

And I the humble flower she shines upon:

But Madam, why retir'd thus and alone? Methinks a Beauty blest'd with your attractions, like Majesty, should always have full Court, never without a Prince, Don, Count, or something.

D. Elvira. Sir were I fond of Company I could perhaps be visited by some of these.

D. Anton. Oh! I could have told you that without the Spirit of Prophecy, for whoe're had his Eyes that could not see the French Embassadour the Count *Beaupre*, dress'd like a Masquer in a grand Ballet, [with all his Train, six Lacques and a Page, rolling from your apartment; gad Madam, I intend to accuse ye as an Enemy to the State, for negotiating privately with forrain Ministers, through a mischevious design of making your Self popular.

D. Elvira. You'll not be beleiv'd Sir, for who will imagine any such mischeif can harbour in the breast of an innocent woman?

D. Anton. Rather what dull Coxcomb is he that will not Imagine your Innocent womans breast Capable of harbouring any mischeif under the Sun.

D. Elvira. Not rebellions, I hope Sir; we are seldom famous for Politiques.

D. Anton. Gad ye are the best in the world for raising a Faction: There is a never-failing Influence about a woman that can draw a Regiment of Rebels together sooner then either Religion or Loyalty, can make up a file.

D. Elvira. A meer Errour in Judgment, what Influence is that?

D. Anton. What Influence?

D. Elvira. Yes what?

F

D. Anton.

D. Anton. Faith Guesse, I am too modest a man to name what, I thank ye.

D. Elvira. And 'tis that Modesty that Introduces ye hither Sir ; for my part I was never fond of riddles.

D. Anton. No, but you are fond of some to my knowledge, whose conversation hardly amounts to the Wit of Ridling.

D. Elvira. There's the vanity of all you men of the Town, when you suspect your little or no advantage over us, you upbraid us with your Wit ; Wit is still the bugbear to keep us in awe, and pray what would our Wit signify, if the woman you lov'd, should fancy a handsome fool beyond ye.

D. Anton. 'Twould Signify thus much, that I should despise her as a Monster, and should have the Pleasure of Rayling at her.

D. Elvira. Rail at her you might, but to dispise her or cease loving, you could hang your self as soon.

D. Anton. How, hang my self, not for any woman in Christendom ; by this light ; I love the pleasure of a Friend and a bottle to well.

D. Elvira. Ye-, Stab, Poyson, Drown your self, any thing if she were Beautyfull, and you really really lov'd her.

D. Anton. And you do really think me such a fool ?

D. Elvira. Just such a fool by this good light as you were saying.

D. Anton. Your Servant Madam, I hope you'll allow me the fortune of one then, I shall be successfull with the fair Sex by your own Rule.

D. Elvira. No, not so neither ; you are of too Jealous a Nature ; an Imperfection I hate beyond folly or Cowardness ; Jealousy ! defend me from't, Sweet heaven ; besides, if you Expose this vice so plainly now, what would you do if you had power over me ?

D. Anton. Nothing but blest my fortune : Oh my dear Angell, this is but raillery ; for had I power o're thee ; the Cause of my wild fears would then be gone, 'tis as thou art my Mistriss. I am Jealous, not if my Wife ; my Jealousy springs from my fear to lose thee, but when possessing thee what could I fear ?

D. Elvira. My very shadow, if you saw it follow me, and hinder me from walking.

D. Anton. Impossible !

D. Elvira. Too well I know the effects of an ill habit, whether in the Eyes or Tongue if once learn'd thoroughly, there is no alt'ring Nature ; and——Jealousy if once it taint the heart

Is never thence to be remov'd by Art.

D. Anton. There are a thousand reasons to convince thee ; wer't thou but mine, and were I sure of thee, eternal peace would bloom around my Soul, and all my frost-nipt hopes sprout-out in Joy, Couching my head, blest with a dream of thee ; upon the fragrant Bank of thy lov'd bosome, where Peace and everlasting sweetness dwells what Icy tear could harm me, but as thou art, blown on by the Corrupted breath of folly of

Counts

Counts and Coxcombs, have I not cause to fear ? have I not mighty Cause ?

D. Elvira. Believe so still, by all my dearest hopes, you have shown so much of rudeness and ill humour, that I'll not take the pains to undeceive ye.

D. Anton. I know you wo't not for many powerfull reasons ; a Truth is very hard to be confuted.

D. Elvira. This comes of Entertaining witty men : a fool that can oblige, I swear's a blessing, for he can be respectfull and observant, whil'st t'other proudly dares insult and rail, and think his merit is enough to Court us.

D. Anton. Take then your fool, and since you are resolv'd to give me no assurance, let us —

D. Elvira. Let us part —

D. Anton. Agreed.

D. Elvira. — — For ever.

[*Elv. is going away.*

D. Anton. No, I cannot speak that word ; what am I saying ? oh my foolish Passion ; Madam, come back, or by yon glorious heaven my Soul shall follow ye.

[*draws his Sword.*

D. Elvira. Well I'me the veriest fool ; but believe Sir, I re turn only to save your life.

[*coming back.*

Lucia. [*peeping.*] Ah Pox take him, his life was in great danger indeed : oh this Impostor, d'slight if I were near him I'de cut his wind-pipe with his own Sword ; if I would not I'me a Jew.

D. Elvira. Would I had never seen ye, but from this moment I am resolv'd I wo't not.

D. Anton. If you should Swear it you might keep the Oath ; for such another frown as that would kill me.

D. Elvira. This it but one of your Ill-humour'd Minutes, I know I shall have more of 'em hereafter.

D. Anton. You shall not, by this Kifs you never shall ; come, are we friends now !

D. Elvira. Friends.

D. Anton. I, I — the faster for this wrangling, forgiveness is the dearest part of Love ; and thou hast so much of heaven in thy nature I cannot fail of Pardon — that pretty Smile confirms it ; and like the Rainbow shews the Storm is gone — you shall accept a Serenade from me to night where shall it be ?

D. Elvira. At my Unkles Signior *Baptista's*, for I have Strangers in my own house, and 'twill not be convenient here, but I swear I'me too easy a fool.

D. Anton. Pish, prethee no more o' that : well ! it shall be there, and to morrow the Marriage-knot shall tye us fast for ever, on which my Muse on th' Instant invents this short remarque.

The Wedlock blessing in this Age must be,
 Like one that dives for Pearls into the Sea ;
 If he returns, he brings the happy prize,
 And has but equal Chances if he dyes :
 So when through Marriage deeps we venture on
 Meeting the Prize, our life with Joys we Crown,
 And share but Common fortune if we drown.

[*Exeunt.*]

The End of the Third ACT.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Megæra and Leon Masqu'd and Disguis'd.

Megæra. **G**Et ye into the Grove, *I* say—why Captain Clodpate,
 What in the devils name d'ye here ? Is this a place fit for
 the bus'ness ; gad forgive me, d'ye think we can Rob her here ?

Leon. 'Tis a little too near the Road I think, but where is she *Meg* ?
 where ha'lt left her ?

Meg. Asleep yonder under a Tree, ha, ha, ha,—I warrant the
 foolish slutt little dreams of what's coming to her.

Leon. And has she good store of Gold and Jewels about her ?

Meg. Yes truly, she's well enough provided ; the booty will serve
 turn : Heaven make us thankfull for it !

Leon. 'Tis well pray'd *Meg*, 'tis well pray'd — we ought indeed to
 thank heaven for all benefits.

Meg. Where have you left the rest of your Comrades ?

Leon. All disperst about the Woods, watching for passengers, *Rufino*,
Diego, *Frisco*, they are all out.

Meg. Bless, blest their Labours—go, go, get you gone into the Grove,
 she may be awake by this time.

Leon. When you see me coming, run you away as if you were frighted,
 d'ye hear *Meg* ; and then let me alone with her : I must get the old But-
 tock out of the way, or else I shall never Ravish her in quiet, and that
 were to lose more then the booty.

[*aside.*]

[*Exit Leon.*]

Enter

Enter Lawra.

Lawra. Delightfull Harmony and General Joy surrounds the Groves, and all the pretty Birds, in Mirthfull Songs, proclaim their satisfaction: The Goddess of the Spring decks every Field; and each tall Tree with cool refreshing shade, succours the Traveller nigh scorcht with heat, and adds fresh vigour to his fainting spirits; The smiling face of Nature seems as fair, as if 'twere the first moment of Creation: nothing is sad but my poor-throbbing heart, that beats it's breast, and knows no end of Sorrow — where are ye Mother? come shall we go on?

Meg. Here, Here, honey-suckle, I am not far from ye; I have been watching ye carefully, that I have indeed; why you have had a fine Nap on't, ha —

Lawra. I have slept a little too long I'me afraid, shall we get to my Unkles house to night, think ye mother?

Meg. I hope we shall Daisy-bud, I hope we shall, if nothing hinder, I hope we shall get thither in good time.

Lawra. Nay, I'me resolv'd I'll walk apace, you shall beat me if I lag behind. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Leon.

Leon. She's coming down the Hill yonder, leaning upon the Arm of my old Iniquity; and at this distance methinks they look just like the Picture of Spring and Winter; never were the two Seasons mixt so before; her walking has got her such an Angelicall Colour, that the blossom of a Peach looks dull to her; ds'death I'me almost mad to think what a feast I shall make on her; for by fair means or foul I am so sharp set, that I shall fall too most vigorously. [*gets behind a Tree.*]

Re-enter Lawra and Megæra.

Lawra. Is it so dangerous a place for Robbing say ye Mother?

Meg. Why troth it has been I think a very dangerous place; but the Rogues are all scatter'd, they are all hang'd now, thanks be given to Providence.

Lawra. Pray Heaven I get well to my Journeys End; alas! I am not proof against my fears; and tho' I've done no ill I cannot chuse but fear. [*Weeps.*]

Leon rushes out with his Sword drawn.

Leon. How now, what Varlets are you? Hah — come, come, deliver, deliver — Money, Money, dispatch, come.

Lawra. Ah! ———

[*Shreeks.*]*Meg.*

Meg. Oh strange Misfortune ! Help, Help, Thieves, Thieves, help, help, — [*Runs out.*]

Lawra. Here Sir — in this Casket is all the Treasure I have in the World ; I may starve when this is gone, I give it you with all my heart, but let me beg ye not to fright me so.

Leon. 'Tis Gold and Jewells, and as I think of Considerable value : Gad she pays well, and therefore 'tis fit she should be well us'd : 'troth Madam, your Casket here speaks very Charmingly, but you have another Treasure about ye that I must share in before you and I part. [*pulls her away.*]

Lawra. If you have any humanity, do not hurt me so : alas ! I am a poor distressed Woman, oh pitty me, pitty me Sir ! as you expect health or fortune.

Leon. I do both pitty thee, and love thee, thou shalt finde the Effects on't instantly,

Lawra. Oh ! I'me undone ; help, help, help. —

Enter Don Fernand.

D. Fern. I heard a Shreek, and it seem'd a womans voice ; hah ! nay then I'me not deceiv'd ; Thou rude and boyst'rous Ruffian, turn thee round, let go the Lady, and front me face to face, e're thy black Soul makes payment for this Villany. [*Draws.*]

Leon. Hah ! what do I see, my Young Runagate Rogue, come on Sir, I'll send you to the Devill presently. .

[*Fight, & Leon is wounded & falls within the Scene.*]

D. Fern. Thou foolish bragging wicked wretch, lye there, I'll talk with you anon, in the mean time I le [*takes the Casket from him.*]
seize on this for the Ladies use.

Leon. A Plague on him, he has given it me with a vengeance.

D. Fern. Madam, as I am infinitely happy that my propitious Stars have guided me thus luckily to do ye this [*giving her the Casket.*]
piece of service, so my desire is eager to know from whence, and what you are, for Heavenly Beauty blushes in your face ; and so much Excellence appears upon ye, that they sufficiently inform my Judgment you are of no Vulgar breeding nor Extraction.

Lawra. Sir. when I have breath to tell ye the sad story ; when my cold blood now frozen in my Veins through fear, regains its heat and vitall strength again, you shall be satisfy'd ; in the mean time thus low upon my knees I beg the powers of heaven to reward ye, for you have preserv'd what's dearer then my life, by the most Generous Act e're done by man.

D. Fern. 'Tis much too poor and worthless, fairest Angell, nor can I deserve half your acknowledgments, the Swords of all brave men are drawn for honour, and still they glory in't ; how much more am I oblig'd then, that drew mine, for honours dearest prize, a Lovely woman,
dress'd

dress'd with all graces Nature e're invented,

Lawra. Oh do not praise me Sir; for then my fears return, and tho' your face methinks is full of honour; yet I alas have found by sad experience, no man was ever full of my applause, but he design'd me mischief.

D. Fern. What sordid Brute, what more then Devil is he could have a thought to wrong thee, but if there can be such a fiend in Nature, as by my soul I hardly think there can, believe dear Saint, I am not of that base temper; for by those Charming Eyes that influence me, I love thy Beauty with such Modest Zeal as has not in't a spark of loose desire.

Lawra. I thank ye from my soul; and now methinks, you have given me so much Courage, I dare trust ye with the sad secret of my wretched fortune; Know then my Name is *Lawra*, and my Parents were Virtuous, Rich, and Honourable.

D. Fern. *Lawra* did you say your Name was; Madam?

Lawra. Yes Sir, and driven to the distress you find me in through my unhappy Love.

D. Fern. The Daughter of *Sebastian* and *Eugenia*.

Lawra. The very same Sir.

D. Fern. I am all wonder; pray proceed Madam.

Lawra. It was my unhappy fortune to have addressess made me by a Young Cavalier of *Madrid*, whose Name is *Don Antonio*, whose interior merits and personal graces got so large a share in my esteem, that upon his Oaths and Vows of honourably proceeding by sacred marriage, I consented to admit him to visit me by night.

D. Fern. 'Tis so, I find it now beyond all doubt, this is the very Lady that has been lost from *Madrid*, and she that *Don Antonio* spoke of; and I am that very unlucky inquisitive dog that have been the cause of all her misfortunes.

[*aside.*

[*Don Ariell within*] Halloo, ho, ho, ho, — [hollows.

Lawra. Alas Sir! there was a poor old woman with me who was guiding me to find out *Don Ariell*, an Uncle of mine at *Toledo*, in whose protection I intended to put my self, who upon that Villains approach fled into the wood, and I fear by this noise, is come to some mischief.

D. Fern. Is *Don Ariell* your Uncle?

Lawra. Yes Sir, my Mothers only Brother.

D. Fern. Then is there another accident to surprize ye with; for Madam, that very noise you hear is your Unkles voice, who has been at *Madrid* this three days, and is now going with me to *Toledo*, in search of a fugitive Son: Upon hearing your Skreek I left him, and being much younger then he, ran in to your rescue.

Lawra. Oh Heaven what shall I do then?

D. Fern. That we'll consult hereafter: First let's find out our old woman, and as we go I shall desire you to proceed in your discourse; for I long

long to hear the remainder of the Story, and I believe can inform you something relating to it.

Lawra. This way she went Sir, and she's too much a Cripple to run far.

[*Exeunt Fern. & Lawra.*]

Enter Don Ariell and Lopez.

D. Ariell. Holloa ! hoa, hoa, hoa— where the Devil is this young fellow gone ? gad, methought he bounst forward like hunted Buck over a Park-pale, he has spy'd some Wench or other, I'le lay my life, and is gone to take a run with her.

Lopez. If he is so hot at Storming, he may meet with foul weather in the Trenches, I can tell him that.

D. Ari. Why there's my Rogue too, my *Diego*, that I am hunting thus after, was a plaguy dog at a Wench, but hang him I could have allow'd him that, if the Rogue would have learnt his book, and been Dutifull, I should not have much matter'd his Whoring, but if ever I get him again.—

Enter Diego and Frisco with Pistols.

Diego. A prize by this light, here's but two of 'em, and one seems to be an Old Fellow ; a Rare prize faith, *Frisco*— Come, bear up man.

Frisco. Well well, let me alone, go you on and minde your business ; Attack you first.

Diego. Stand and Deliver, — Come, come, Deliver I say, quick, quick.

D. Ari. What's the matter ?

Diego. Zooks 'tis my Father—

[*turns aside.*]

Frisco. And Sirah stand you still, or I'le shoot ye thorough the head, and make Sawce of your brains for my Supper to Night, ye Rogue: *Whilst he is turn'd aside, D. Ariel strikes the Pistoll out of his hand.*

D. Ari. There shall be no delivery from me whilst there's a Sword in my hand, Rascall.

Diego. I must Fight with him there's no avoiding on't, for now his blood's up, I know the Old Scoundrel will Fence like a Fury.

Fight here, and Diego strikes away Don Ariel's Sword, and Stooping for it, drops his Masque.

D. Ari. What ! my Son *Diego*— Oh unnatural Villain !

Diego. Your most Dutiful and Obedient Son, Sir.

D. Ari. Turn'd a Robber, a Rogue, one of the *Banditti*, Sirah, I'le have thee Hang'd if there be any Law in *Spain*.

Diego. 'Tis to no purpose to let him stand, and rail thus ; I'faith I'le Rob him and there's an end on't: but what Rascall hast

hast thou got here, hah—how! what my Curled Mathematician—this is best of all, flea him, knock out his brains, we'll batter your Fortifications for ye, Sirrah — I told ye I should meet ye alone one time or other.

Lopez. Hast thou no Humanity? does not Nature pleade in thee for me?

Frisco Let me alone with him, go you and plume that old fellow there, come, Sirah, your purse, when I see what matter there is in that, you shall see what Nature we are of presently.

[*Robs him of Mathematical Instruments.*]

Diego. Old fellow, come Strip, Strip, Uncase, let's see your inside? come.

D. Ari. How! Strip, Sirah:

Diego. Ay, ay, Strip, and be Robb'd quietly you had best; I have a great deal more business to do before Night yet.

D. Ari. More business: the Rogue talks as if he were going to settle the Nation; Sirah, your business will bring ye to the Gallows, I shall see ye mount within this three days.

Diego. Such another word as that, and you shall mount immediately, mount upon that Tree there; I'll be the Raising of my Family for once, gad I'll hang ye my self.

D. Ari. Monstrous! Sure there never was such a Villain born—what to talk of hanging his father; — oh Confounded Rogue! I am out of patience; why Sirah, who am I? am not I your Father? couldst thou have the Conscience to hang thy Father?

Diego. Father, ay, and Mother too, Uncles and Aunts, Brothers and Sisters, Cozeus and Cozen-Germains, all the whole Family by this light at twenty Dollars a head.

D. Ari. Thou could'st not Varlet, thou could'st not.

Diego. I tell ye I could, and I would too, besides I know not whether you are my Father or no; or 'tis all one if you are; for whether I got you, or you got me, or we got one another, 'tis not a half-penny matter: I am sure I am most like a Father at this time, for I have the power in my hands—therefore as I said before, strip, come.

D. Ari. Strip!

Diego. Ay, ay, Strip; off with your Cassock, there may be Gold quilted in't; dispatch I say.

[*pulls off his coat.*]

D. Ariell. Why, thou art not in earnest, dog Rogue, thou art not in earnest, art thou?

[*Frisco has bound & gag'd Lopez.*]

Diego Look look, he trifles with me, I see I must bind him—there's nothing to be done else — where's the Tape Brother? the Tape, the Tape, I must bind, and Gag him.

Frisco. I have none on't, I made use of a Cord there for my Merchant.

Diego. Who carried the Tape to day? here's Robbing indeed when a man shall want his necessaries: gad he shall be turn'd out of his employment that has carried away the Tape whoever he be.

D. Ari. Why Sirrah, thou wilt not binde and Gag thy Father, wilt thou?

Diego. Yes faith, if my Father won't be civil, and produce quietly.

Frisco. If he wont, Binde him, and hang him up by the heels, he may have Jewells hid in his mouth, brother.

D. Ariell. There's another rogue, now, oh I'me distracted, mad, out of my wits: why Sirrah! hast no nature in thee, no compassion?

Diego. Money, Money, Money, come.

D. Ariell. There's a hundred Dollars and be hang'd—oh! I shall choak my self with Choller—but *Diego*—Son *Diego*, come I'll be friends with thee, if thou wilt reform and leave this Course of life.

Diego. What! and learn the Mathematicks again, shall I—learn to have my bones broke, seeking to defend 'em by rule and figure, according to the instructions of musty *Algebra* there, that *Trigonometricall* Set shall I? no, no, I like my present
[kicks Lopez.

Trade much better, I thank ye.

D. Ariell. He's past all Grace, there's no dealing with him.

Lopes. Now am not I half so much concern'd at the blows and kicks I have receiv'd, as I am to hear this sordid illiterate dunce abuse the Sciences; but I'll have patience, and be reveng'd at full, for I'me certain I know that Rogue that bound me by his voice.

Frisco. Search his fobb, search his fobb man—there's some old Gold or Jewells, or something.

Diego. Well thought on, come Old Fellow, let's see your fobb.

D. Ariell. My fobb.

Diego. Ay, ay, fobb, fobb, fobb.

D. Ariell. Oh! there's a Jewel in't worth a thousand Dollars; I'me undone, ruin'd for ever:— [aside.]

Diego. I have it boy, I have it—
and wealth enough in it to keep us all our lives—I'll kiss thee faith, dear Dog, for thinking of the fobb—ah! ye Old Hunks you would have cheated us of this, would ye?

Frisco. We shall be made for ever by the fobb, we'll roar and revell like Emperours, I would not take a thousand Dollars for my share—tholl, loll, loll.
[they sing and jump about.]

Enter Don Fernand and Lawra.

D. Fern. Madam, I have such a passionate resentment of the sad Story you have told me, that my honour is concern'd to do you Justice, which shall be done suddenly, but why your old woman should run away not letting me see her face, is a wonder.

Lawra,

Laura. I believe her fears made her apprehend you to be one of the Robbers.

D. Fern. 'Tis likely ; but stay, who have we here ?

Diego. Then we'll have Wine in abundance.

Frisco. And Wenches by the dozen, ha, ha, ha !—

D. Fern. *Don Ariell* stript, these are more of the Rogues, and as it happens unarm'd too, this was lucky.

[Whilst they are looking on the Jewell, Don Fernand seizes their Swords and Pistols that lye negligently on the ground.]

Diego. I warrant this will pawn now for fifteen hundred Dollars, upon occasion ; God a mercy old fellow, faith— ha— *[sees Fernand and is surpris'd.]*

Laura. Here's my Uncle as I live, but this Masque will secure me from his knowledge.

D. Fern. Nay stir not a foot Sir ; you pawn your soul if you do : there *Don* there's your Sword for ye. *[unbinds him.]*

Frisco. He does not mind me yet, there's no loytring now, I must run for't— *[Exit Frisco.]*

D. Ariell. Hum,— hum,— now Rogue,— now Dog what d'ye think on't now, Sirrah,— who shall mount now Rascall,— thank thee dear *Don* for this assistance faith, but who dost thou think this Villain is here ?

D. Fern. Who this Robber here ?

D. Ariell. Ay, this son of a whore, who but my own Naturall Son, my own rebellious flesh and bloud, as gad shall save me— I got him on his mother when she was in her fits, and the devil has been in him ever since.

D. Fern. Unnaturall Brute, what robb and strip his father ?

D. Ariell. Ay, strip me too ; nay, the Rogue has us'd me like a Jew— but I'll give him his patrimony presently — come, *[Lopez is un-* Sirrah, stand and deliver— quick, quick, I'll run my *[bound here.]* Sword in your guttself— I'll tickle you *[beats him and takes a-* for a young thief ; I'll teach you your *[way the Jewell, and* Trade Sirrah. *[Money.]*

Diego. Very well ; bear witness here, he bids me stand upon the Kings high-way ; I'll bring you in for a party, father— you have Robb'd me, I'll take my Oath on't.

Lopez. The other Rascall is run for't.

Diego. Is he, then will I peach him like a hen-hearted Rogue as he is, no man shall have a good word from me that has not the Courage to be hang'd in my company.

D. Ariell. Very well, Sirrah, we'll see how you'll behave your self before the Corigidore anon.

D. Fern. Here is another of 'em hereabouts that I think I have hamstring'd— oh ! are you there Sir, come, pray let's see your sweet

Countenance, ha—

[pull in Leon and unmasques him,

Shame and Confusion seize me, what, do I see my father? accursed Chance that brought me here to know my fatall ignominy, and guided my rash hand to shed that bloud of which my Veins are full.

Diego. How's this! what our Captain his father; he's come of a very hopefull house that I'll say for him.

Leon. Cease your Complaints young man, you have no Naturall Cause to mourn for me.

D. Fern. No Cause to mourn.

Leon. None, none at all, but I am faint with bleeding, carry me to some house where I may rest a little, and ere I dye I will discover wonders.

D. Ariell. It may be the Rogue knows somewhat of my Neice *Lawra*, away, away with him quickly, that he may tell one truth in his lifetime,— go Sirrah, get you after, [Lopez leads Leon out, I'll be your driver for once— [to Diego.

come *Don*, will you go? how now, who hast thou got there? a merry Buttock; hah, prethee let's see her face.

D. Fern. Oh Sir, by no means, you must excuse me.

D. Ariell. Who could have imagin'd to find a wench here, in a Wilderness; but the Devil's in 'em they breed like Flesh-flyes and are swarming all the world over; come, come, prethee come along.—

[Exit D. Ariell.

D. Fern. Now Madam, to inform you in something relating to *Don Antonio*, whom I perceive is the Cause of your misfortune: know that he is to morrow to be married to *Dona Elvira* the rich heiress.

Lawra. To be Married, Sir.

D. Fern. Most certainly, and to morrow; the Match has been carrying on this two years.

Lawra. Oh faithless, perjur'd Traytor.

D. Fern. Very true, he is so, but assure your self as I have now an interest in your concerns, so I will with honour and Justice proceed, and call him to such an account, as I believe will prove to your content, and the preserving your honour from all Injury.

Lawra. Sir, I am oblig'd to ye for more then life.

D. Fern. My life and it's Effects are at your service.

[Exit

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter D. Antonio and Christina.

D. Antonio. This you say you dare affirm to be truth, upon forfeit of your Maiden-head, to be surrendred and paid down like a Citizens Bill upon demand.

Christina. I dare Sir; and yet I vow the forfeiture affrights me, for if I should chance to be in the wrong, Lord have mercy upon me, what would become of me?

D. Anton. That *Lucia* has told your Lady all my past Intrigue with *Dona Laura*.

Christin. Every particle on't; she has told all she knows; and I believe more, from your first Address to her, when she was at Mass in *St. Jaques Church*, to your Midnight-Intrigue when you were taken up in a Basket in at her Garret Window.

D. Anton. Confound her, and she has told I warrant, that I kist her young plump, freckled Dairy-maid, upon the Hay in the Coach-house.

Christina. That too Sir, she has told all.

D. Anton. All! with a Pox to her, a fine all indeed; Now will there be a rare harangue, betwixt me and my Spouse, that must be at our next meeting.

Christina. Then she says you are the Lewdest man in the whole World, that you make no Conscience of Betraying Women; that you have above fifty Mistresses now in pay, and have at this very instant, of Bastards, some two dozen and Odd, which are now at Nurse in the Alms-houses at *Tolledo*.

D. Anton. The Devil's in her—what does she give no bounds to her Lying, if ever I had above three, I wish materials may fail me upon the most pressing Occasion.

Christina. Have a care of withing Sir, for fear you lose an Heir to your Family.

D. Anton. Nor had I got those neither, but only by way of Sample; and i'gad I am of opinion, a man should no more Marry a Wife without first taking a sample of himself, then he should without knowing whether his intended bedfellow were a man or a woman.

Christina. Why, would you be so wicked to desire to know that before you were Married?

D. Anton. Yes faith—I should be so unconscionable, that's the truth on't, for I would no more bargain with a Wife, without knowing her qualifications, then I would buy a Horse without looking in his Mouth.

Month, to know his Age.

Christin. So, I finde your Horle and your Mistris equally make up the Comparifon.

D. Anton. No, there's a little variation sweet-heart, tho' in one point they agree; but to the purpose, here's a token for thee, prethee go, fpeak well of me, and prepare thy Lady instantly for my Serenade, and then let me alone with her afterwards. *[they Whisper.]*

Enter Frisco Gayly attir'd.

Frisco. My happy Brains and my quick Leggs have I hope brought me out of Danger, all my Comrades I fuppofe are taken, and confequently will be Hang'd; but my Masque did then fecure my face, as thefe accoutrements do now my perfon, fo now I leave 'em, and wifh to each, a happy deliverance out of the Cares and Troubles of this Anxious Life, well, 'tis a rare thing to be wife, for as a worthy Poet a Brother of our Order, fays.

A Bifronted Confcience like the Sign of an Ale-houfe,
Both faces the Judge and out-faces the Gallows.

D. Anton. hoh, *Signiour Frisco*, moft luckily met Sr, you are the very Perfon that I have instant occafion for, and was juft fending to feek.—

Frisco. Seek me, gad my heart was at my mouth, *Don*, I am your very Servant, and to be employ'd as my honour and good parts fhall excite me; but I am this Divine Creatures moft Eternall Slave to whom my heart is vow'd, and all its facultys: Madam permit me I befeech ye a touch of your fair hand.

Christin. Oh Sr, indeed you honour me too far.

Frisco. The sweets of *Hibla*, quinteffence of Amber, breaths from each pore.

D. Anton. Which is as much as to fay, ſhe has a Sweaty palm.

Frisco. Ah—I am quite another man, I'm raviſht,—but *Signior* your buſineſs: what, I am to be ingaged in ſome Duell I warrant—but pray take Care of me, for mine is a Mortall thruſt I aſſure ye; my foe ſeldom or never recovers.

D. Anton. Sir, I have no need of your Proweſs, upon my Honour, 'tis your Fidling faculty I have occaſion for; I muſt requeſt your Skill in a Serenade instantly, the Muſicians are all ready.

Frisco. If my Goddeſs there deigns to accept it from me, *Apollo* and the *Muſes* ſhall pay duty to her, elſe *Signior* you muſt excuſe me, I Serenade no mans Miſtriſs but my own.

D. Anton. Well Well! It ſhall be to her then—Was there ever ſuch an Impertinent Dog?

Christin. I'll go in and prepare my Lady.

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter Musicians.

Frisco. Give me the Guittar then, if it be to her I'me satisfy'd.

Serenade here, and Frisco Acts a Spanish Song affectedly to his Guittar ; which ended Lopez, and Officers Enter, and Seize Frisco.

*{ D. Elvira, Lucia,
and Christina ap-
pear above.*

*Look down, Look down, fair Saint and see
A Restless Lovers Cares,
Whose Heart was 'till this Moment free
From Beautys Charming Snares,
Look down, Look down fair Saint and see
A Restless Lovers Cares.*

Chorus.

*But now alas it flies to you
And round the Street all night I rove
Ah then look down dear Soul and view
The Victim of Almighty Love.
Ah then, &c.*

Chorus.

Second Movement.

*Like Spirits we wander in dead time of Night,
Huzza Huzza we roar and we fight,
At last the Watch comes to oppose our delight ;
Charge Charge, hey we scower
Through the Bill-men in Flannell,
And down drops a Constable into the Kennell.*

The Mock Serenade by Frisco.

*From Drinking of Sack by the Pottle;
From breaking a Constables Noddle
* * His Noddle * * his Noddle :
From Bullys that would have been roaring, been roaring,
And Cullys that would have been Whoring
I have met with a Noise, of Merry Merry Merry Boys
Sweet Lady to hinder your Snoring.
Heark how the Strings Farr
Now I thrum the Guittar * * * * *
Heark how, &c.*

*{ * in these Spaces he
thrums the Guittar
Crediculously.*

*Ah prove not my Foe, lest my heart I do throw
 Up to break your Window, heigh hoe,
 Ah prove not my Foe, here I Languish below,
 To my Sleep I would go, heigh hoe,——
 To my Sleep I would go heigh, hoe,
 Heigh hoe, heigh hoe, heigh hoe.*

[Gapes as if Sleepy.]

Lopez. That's he, that Singing Rascall there.

Frisco. What's the matter? are ye mad to disturb me and spoil such an admirable Trillo?

Lopez. Oh! you shall Trillo at the Gallows, if you are so good at it: Officers hold him fast.

Frisco. Phoo, prethee don't carry the Jest on too far; *Don Antonio* take off these Buffoons, for I have one soft Cadunce to come yet, that's better then all.

D. Anion. How now Sirs, why d'ye lay hold of him thus?

Lopez. Signior I have a Warrant against him for Fellony and Robbery, and I charge ye in the Kings name not to Rescue the Prisoner.

D. Anton. For Fellony and Robbery,—— your Servant [to *Frisco*. dear *Don*, Officers you may take him if you please, and so your Servant *Don Trillo*.

Frisco. If it had not happen'd before my Mistresses face, I had not valued it; but however I'll march off as becomes me with Gravity—— Ah Sordid illiterate Poltroons.

{ *Makes affected Congees, and the Officers
 { pish him away.*

[Exit.]

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. The Lady Sr, has such an extraordinary value for your Musick, that she sends ye word by me, that if all your Mistresses had so passionate a Sentiment of your merit as she has, you would never be at quiet for *Billet deux* and *Addresses*.

D. Anton. Why thou little malicious dog in a Manger, thou hast not been possessing her against me, hast thou?

Lucia. So much on the contrary Sir, that I have been giving her an extraordinary Character of your Virtue, especially your Victorious Success upon the Ladies; not forgetting your Intrigue with poor *Lawra*, and your Matchless Constancy upon that occasion.

D. Anton. *Lawra*! A Murd'rous Witch, I hate her very memory.

Lucia. Oh fear nothing Sir, *Dona Elvira* has a most profound sense of your fidelity, and resents what I have told her of you in so extraordinary a manner, that she hates the very sex, and all such ingratefull Brutes for your sake; and so I leave ye to her Sir, very glad it lay in my power to do ye this piece of service, assuring my self that a man of your merit

merit can soften a Womans temper as he pleases, and make her like Wax fit to receive any Impression ; your most humble Servant Sir.

[Exit laughing at him.]

D. Anton. This plaguee Jilt has undone me : what shall I do ; she has quite ruin'd my Intrigue, unless I instantly prevent it, hah—here she comes—Down haughty thoughts and tongue, now do your office, Charm her with tender and obliging words, and make her heart like Gold within a Furnace ; Melt down before the Language of my Love.

Enter *D. Elvira.*

D. Elvira. Heavens ! Is this Impostor here still ? *She is going out &*

D. Anton. Oh ! do not fly me 'till you hear me *He stops her.*
speak ; by thy dear self that art the Soul of Goodness ; what *Lucia* has possess'd thee with is false.

Elvira. No, base ungratefull wretch, 'tis you are false.

D. Anton. I, false, did you say so, Madam ? Is't possible, if I am false the Sun it self is so, firm Rocks are as unstable as the Sands, and Sacred Oaths like Gusts of yielding Air ; Nature her self is false if I am so, and breeds the Ranck Infection in her Sons.

Elvira. Unheard-of Impudence, can you deny that you have Courted *Lawra* ?

D. Anton. No, but that I've done it since you gave me hopes, is falser then you think me.

Elvira. This will not pass upon me, Sir.

D. Anton. Nothing shall pass upon you but the truth ; *Lucia* is my inveterate Enemy and was first Cause of my Address to *Lawra*, brought us together, and on my Conscience would have held the door t'have given me any opportunity.

Elvira. Nay, you do well to rail at her.

D. Anton. Hang her, I hate her for her lying more then any thing, for I am true as thou art to thy Virtue, as the Magnetick Needle to the North, or the Diall to the Monarch of the Day ; and love thee with that fixt, fierce, constant Zeal, that true, unbounded, unabated Passion, that I sigh, languish, dye, when I am from thee ; and when I'me with thee, waste my life with Extasie : there's never a part about thee but Inflames me ; thy Beauty charms my Eye, thy Wit my Sense, thy Hand my Heart, thy Shape my Imagination ; oh ! thou art the white world of Love and Rapture, and should I lose thee I should Rage with Madness, Rave, Range abroad, Stab, Murder all I met ; Plunge through all Mischiefs ; so Despair, so Dye, and so be lost,
Therefore have Mercy on me, I beseech thee——— [Kneels.]

Elvira. Now for my Soul can I hold out no longer, he moves me with so much bewitching Grace, my Heart's not proof against it : Well Sir, upon your security of making this out, once more I will receive ye.

H

D. Anton.

D. Anton. Blessing on thy heart, my Dear, Dear, Dear.
Elvira. But if I find you are Intreagu'd with *Laura*, no merit shall
 Pleade for ye.

Enter Lucia.

Lucia. Is not the Lady wondrous pliant Sir, d'ye not finde her coming,
 ha, ha, how's this! — he's Kissing her hand, and familiarly, — 'tis so:
 This Cunning Devil has brought her about again.

Elvira. Madam, indeed I must beg your pardon, the trick would not
 do, I found out your meaning.

D. Anton. No Madam, the Trick won't do, d'ye hear, we know
 better Things I thank ye — ha, ha, ha, ha.

D. Anton. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

[*Exeunt Laughing at Lucia.*

Lucia. Thus still we see how Love does baffle Wit,
 Then let no Woman rail at Mens deceit,
 Since their own frailty does assist the Cheat.

[*Exit.*

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Don Fernand, and Leon led by a Servant.

D. Fern. You have told me things so strange and full of Wonder,
 that it even shocks my Sence to Credit 'em.

Leon. Sir, I have not Life at such a certainty, that I should get the
 Courage to deceive ye — so let my Soul have peace as all is true..

D. Fern. Sirrah, if the Young Lady be stirring, go and tell her, I
 desire the favour of a word or two. [*Exit Servant.*

Leon. And happy I am to ease my Loaded Conscience, which else
 had sunk me beyond all redemption.

D. Fern. Then I am not your Son. —

Leon. No Kin to me.

D. Fern. Nor to your Wife *Megara*, speak the truth, for I have sent
 to apprehend her, and shall know all.

Leon. You have no Blood of either of us in ye, but are indeed the
 Legitimate Son and Heir of *Don Sebastian* and *Eugenia*.

D. Fern. Then *Don Anriell* here is my Uncle.

Leon.

Leon. He is so, Your Fathers Brother, and who believing you long since Murder'd, at this Instant has possession of an Estate of yours, worth thirty thousand Dollars, *per annum*.

Enter Lawra.

D. Fern. And this Beautifull Lady is my Sister, since she is the Daughter of *Don Sebastian* too.

Leon. Most certainly, it she be so Descended.

Lawra. These are the Sounds of Joy; oh let me share 'em.

D. Fern. And with them take a Brothers tender Love, and boundless Joy for this Discovery; I am no Son to him, but to *Sebastian*, and thou art my Dear Sister, [*Embracing her.*

Lawra. Oh! I wish to Heaven it prove so.

Leon. Madam, it shall and Easily, and by such certain tokens as are Infallible, which shall be render'd when you think convenient.

D. Fern. In the mean time be Secret in this business, as you will answer it with your Life, for I would have nothing known 'till I have made the Plot ripe for discovery.

Leon. Sir, the desire I have to make some amends for my past Crimes by this good Action, biades me to Secresy more then your threatnings; as for my Life, 'tis to me not valuable; I have deserv'd to lose it.

D. Fern. Go in and rest your self, and when I send for ye to prove these Wonders, then stand forth and speak Boldly.

Leon. I will and truly too, that be assured of. [*Exit Leon.*

D. Fern. And if the proofs fall right, as I have some Reason to believe they will, what Happiness can equal mine?

Lawra. Or mine, to finde that Worthy man my Brother, whose Virtue has preserved my Life and Honour.

D. Fern. As I for ever will, which shall to day be try'd, for now is *Don Antonio* big with hopes of the Intire possession of *Elvira*; this is the Wedding-day, the Friends are all Invited; amongst the rest my self, and *Hymen* ready with up-listed hands to Bless 'em, but e're that happen he and I must talk, I've a tale to tell him first; You are now my Sister.

Lawra. Pray Heaven his wild Humour urge him to no Extravagance.

D. Fern. Ple venture his Extravagance, but no more of this; Do you in the Instant write a Letter to your Mother to be there, who will certainly not fail to come, seeing your Character; that done let me alone with the rest, Ple settle all things right or strangely miss my Ends.

Lawra. You are the best of Brothers, and of Friends.

[*Exit.*

Enter Don Garcia, Don Ariell, Lopez, Diego, Megara, with Officers.

D. Ariell. My Lord, I Confess my Shame, and the Sorrow that I have to pleade for such an ungracious Villain, is a great torment to me; But yet my Lord tho' he be a Rogue, he is my Son still; tho' he does deserve to be Hang'd, as to say the truth he does; yet the Villain is my own Flesh and Bloud.

D. Gar. And you would have me get a Repreive for him, But Signior do not you consider that this is Stifling of Justice, and Encouragement to Criminals to proceed in their wicked Courses, we shall be Robb'd as we walk the Streets, if such mischiefs as these go unpunisht.

Ariell. That's True my Lord, that's very true, let him be hang'd then like a Son of a Whore as he is, a damn'd Varlet that could not stay at home, and take the Mathematicks in a Civil way, but he must range abroad, and take purses upon the Kings high-way like an abominable Rascall—— Yet my Lord—— 'tis *Diego* still, [weeps] 'Tis my Son and heir; I have ne're another to heir my Estate, be pleas'd to Consider that my Lord.

D. Gar. Is the Captain within friend?

Serv. No my Lord Just gone out as your Lordship enter'd.

D. Gar. Then we shall want part of our Witnesse against this old Hag here; Oh thou blind shrivel'd Witch, thou Rotten Remnant of infected Nature, whose vices are more in number then thy wrinkles; yet those innumerable, what canst thou say to lengthen that poor minute by Course of Nature thou hast yet to live.

Meg. I say, if I must be hang'd so *Diego* be freed, and the rest of my Comrades dangle with me, for my own part I'me well enough Satisfy'd.

Diego. Then you expect they should be hang'd to keep you Company, with a pox t'ye.

Meg. Why troth, it is but reasonable Child but for thy Part I have Nature that pleads for thee; I confesse I would have thee freed.

Diego. Nature, ds'heart this old Sibill will perswade 'em I'me kin to her anon.

D. Ari. Nay you deserve hanging richly both of ye, she for an old Milch-Witch for hatching the villanies, and thou like a young Cub-Devil for Sucking her Teate, for you must know my Lord she was once his nurse.

Diego. Ay, if it had not been for her, in my Conscience I had been the honestest fellow of a Theif in all Spain.

D. Gar. Very likely indeed, you do your self great Justice Sir.

D. Ari. Looke there now, my Lord, the Boy repents, he shews Contrition, I beseech your Lordship endeavour to save him.

Mg. Sirrah hold your peace you had best. [to *Diego*.

Diego. No, I'll see ye hang'd first, she was the first that brought me in-

to

to the Trade, — [weeping] And when I made *Salvato* the Fryer drunk, and Robb'd him of fifty Dollars, she like a Wicked Beldam as she was held the Candle to me. [howling]

D. Ari. Lookee there now my Lord, ah poor *Diego* ! [howling like him.]

Meg. Sirah, no more of that lest you repent it.

Lopez. For which you both deserve a Rope fifty Cubits in length, and two Inches diameter.

D. Ariel. Nay prethee dear Counterfearp hold thy peace now; I never knew a Mathematician that had any Charity in him: my Lord, let me beg your Lordship to consider my Son, *Diego* my Son and heir, my only Son *Diego*.

Diego. If your Lordship will be pleas'd to consider me, she shall be hang'd up with all my heart my Lord.

Meg. Oh Rascal, no gratitude, no nature, then all shall out i' faith.

D. Ariel. If he were not my Son, my Lord; I would not be so urgent.

Meg. Why then to unfold a Mystery, which now is ripe for discovery, know my Lord that he is not your Son.

D. Gar. Not his Son, whose is he then? speak truth upon your Life.

Meg. He is mine, my Lord.

Diego. The devil I am.

Ari. Thy Son, why this is a Riddle, and impossible.

Diego. Ay Ay, 'tis impossible, s'bud do I look as if I could be her Son?

Meg. Signiour, 'tis most true, nay my dear Child thou shalt not want a decent hanging for want of telling a truth child.

Diego. Child, a pox o' your Child; I'll be none of your Child, not I — I shall Inherit nothing but the Gallows by being kin to ye,

D. Gar. Woman let's hear the truth: can you make this out?

Meg. Clear as the Sun my Lord.

D. Ari. Say ye so — pray begin.

Meg. Signiour, you remember that about some twenty years since, you hired me to be a Wet Nurse to a son you had then newly born.

D. Ari. Well I did so, 'tis perfect in my memory.

Meg. That little Infant, carelessly sleeping one night I overlaid, and when I wak'd, found it Dead and Cold in the bed by me.

D. Ari. I't possible?

Diego. I tell ye no, this Witch will Lye for an hour together, there's no believing her. [kicks her]

D. Gar. Peace *Diego*, woman go on.

Meg. Fearing to be punisht for this accident I buryed it privately, and presently sent for one of the Sins of my youth, a Child of my own that was born but just 3 weeks before, and nurs't him up in the others stead, which very Babe of Grace, is —

D. Gar. Don *Diego* there.

Meg. The very same my Lord.

Diego. The very Devil take ye for your news: what will become of me now?

D. Ariel.

D. Ari. Here's a Plot, here's a Confounded Plot for ye; And can you prove all this woman?

Meg. Most plainly Sr, the Midwife is yet alive, and his father good man, who is now in Office in *Madrid* here, and is employ'd as keeper to his Majesties Bears.

D. Gar. What think ye of a Reprieve now *Signior*?

D. Ari. Nay, I might have known he had been none of mine by his villanous inclinations; he was always for keeping Company with Beggars and *Banditti*, and such sort of Cattle.

Diego. Good Father get me but off in this busness and I'll learn the Mathematicks most vigorously, I'll have all *Algebra* at my fingers Ends within a Month.

D. Ari. No friend, you shall be hang'd, I have nothing to say t'ye friend.

Diego. Dear kind Father.

D. Ari. Ye Sawcy Rascall, d'ye take me for keeper of the Bears?

Lopez. Or Imagine the Noble Science will descend to instruct a Rogue of the *Banditti*, hum——

D. Gar. Officers take 'em away, and as the Law passes on 'em let 'em Suffer.

Diego. Will you let me be hang'd then, have you the heart to do't?

D. Ari. Most Couragiously 'faith, I'll be Spectator my self; but because I will be Civil, having once receiv'd you as my Son——

Diego. Ay, come I know you can't forget me.

D. Ari. I'll order my footman to take Care of your Corps, you shall not lye under the Gallows, I'll see you buried decently.

Diego. Buried decently——Is that all?

D. Ari. All, ay, and too much too, Rascall, Officers take 'em away, the fellow grows impertinent.

Diego. Why then *Diego* you must Swing for't that's all I know of the bus'ness.

Officers. Come along, along, troop.

Meg. Come Child, I'll be by thee to Comfort thee. [*Diego kicks her.*]

Diego. Out you Witch you, Gentlemen there's another I must speak with before I suffer: 'tis *Leon* the Captain of the *Banditti*.

Enter Christina and the Corigidore, with Frisco and Ruffino, Prisoners.

Don, Gar. With all my heart, you shall have fair play Sir.

D. Ari. Nay, by all means let the Bear-Cub have a fair Tryall.

Corig. My Lord, the Judge Expects the rest of the Prisoners, which I inform'd him were in your Lordships Custody, these two have had their tryalls already, and are condemn'd to be hang'd.

Diego. Ay, ay, 'tis So, I must truss for't, there's no remedy, I was told by

by a fortune-teller a great while ago, that I should be Exalted at my latter end, but I little thought it would have bin upon a Gibbit. [*weeping*. But come 'tis all one, I can cry no more for't, if I were to be hang'd forty times over; all my hopes are in Leon, if he fails I'm a lost man. [*in another tone*.

D. Gar. How now Mrs *Christina*, I hope you are not brought hither as a delinquent, hah,——

Corig. No, my Lord, this Gentlewoman was sent for by that fellow, to be a witness for him, who when she came, was found to know nothing of the business; and he instead of discovering something to save his life, has been haraunging her for an hour together with an impertinent Story of his Love, and what a mighty passion he had for her, in such a ridiculous manner, as set all the Judges and the whole Court a laughing.

Christin. If your Lordship will be pleas'd to observe us a little, the Scene will be worth your notice,—— truly Sir I cannot but grieve extremely to see you in this condition. [*to Frisco*.

Frisco. Fate Madam has it's particular Power over humanity, I should have been truly glad to have liv'd for your sake, but the Stars have dispos'd it otherwise. [*affectedly*

Christin. Let 'em for ever be blotted from their Orbs that could consent to your unhappiness.

Frisco. Kind Generous Lady! Oh that my line of life were but a little longer.

Christin. Alas! I fear the line's too long already.

Frisco. You mean the Cord.

Christin. Oh fatal word!

Frisco. Have patience thou quintessence of all perfection, I'll tye the knot under my Ear so cunningly it shall not hurt at all.

Christin. Oh! if I see you cling about the Gibbet or make any wry faces I shall dye.

Frisco. Thou shalt not dearest, thou shalt not, I will hang as I have liv'd with method, form, and Gravity.

Christin. Sweet Sir, perhaps your hand may shake, shall I tye the knot for ye; alas! I would not have it slip for the world.

Frisco. Ah—— Madam that were to expose my Courage to the Censure of the Vulgar; no, no, I must have the honour of tying that my self.

Christin. But if it should chance to slip, and you should fall down, and mingle with the nasty Mobile, I were no more a woman of this world.

Frisco. So kind, so tender of my reputation; well, I protest her Virtues have made me so womanish, that I could almost offend my honour and be persuaded not to be hang'd for some few years yet.

Christin. But I know you will not, your honour is more dear t'ye than your Life a thousand times—— besides you know the business is done presently, 'tis but a good hearty Jerk Sir,

Frisco

Frisco. 'Tis no more, and to perform it with more satisfaction I will farcy, I hang for thy sweet sake, and so Jump off the Ladder with Resolution.

For as to Robb, that dangerous Art
Shows certain Symtoms of Stout heart;
So Stoutly hanging by th'same Rule,
Shows Magnanimity of soul.

Christin. And I shall retain it in my memory eternally, that a Generous Lover was hang'd in hononr of me, and indeed it is the only infallible proof a perfect Lover can make according to a famous Author.

For he that hangs or beats out's brains,

Frisco.—— The Devil's in him if he feigns.

Corig. Come come, have ye done yet, the time passes?

Christin. You will have time enough, oh my [feigns to weep..
fortune.——

Frisco. Sweet Madam——

[Sobbing and crying.

Christin. Dear Sir——

[loud.

Frisco. Adieu.

[louder still.

Christin. Farewell.

Frisco. Never so true a Love had fate so ill.

{ Exit Corigidore

Christin. Farewell and be hang'd, and there's

{ with Prisoners.

an end of my Lesson: Hah, hah, hah, what think ye my Lord, should not I make a pure Citizens Wife, don't I dissemble rarely.

D. Gar. Most artificially, there's great diversion in't, but prethee how goes my Sons Wedding forward? Hah——

Christin. Most vigorously, they only want your Lordships Company.

D. Gar. Which they shall have as soon as my Legs can carry me thither; Come Don, you shall be my Guest. [to D. Ariell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Domingo and Grillon.

[Musick Playing.

Grillon. Hey, where's the Groom of the Chambers?

[One within.] Here—— what's the matter?

Grill. The matter ye Lazy Sot, you must go burn some perfumes in the State-Room; my Master says it smells like the hold of a Ship, with the Fidlers stewing there this morning;—— and where's this damn'd Cook too?

Damn. You are a man of Great Inployment to day, Signior Grillon.

Grill. There's nothing to be done without me Sir, —— and d'ye hear, tell the Butler they want Sherry in the Parlor, and bid him by the

the way send me a Tankard of it, quipt with Nutmeg, Sugar, and a Tost, to encourage my good Service this Morning.

[*One within.*] You shall be hang'd first; ye Rogue; would ye be Drunk before dinner?

Domin. Ha, ha, they are a little unmannerly with ye methinks, *Signior*.

Grill. Ah! 'tis washing a Blackamoor to teach such dunces breeding, but what are these? some more Friends, I warrant come to bid the Bride and Bridegroom good morrow.

Enter Don Fernand and Lawra, well dress'd and mask'd, and Leon.

Domingo. Captain, your humbe servant.

D. Fern. How does my good friend? Is your Lord here?

Dom. Not yet, but expected every minute.

D. Fern. Pretbee order some body to dispose this Lady where she may see the Company, and not be discover'd her self.

Grillon. Alas Sir, she may walk into the publique Room securely, for there are other Ladies with Masks on.

Lawra. Pray heaven I've Courage to contain my passion; this Musick and these Joyfull preparations should have been all for me, had I been happy.—

D. Fern. Have patience dearest, all shall be well, I warrant ye.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Eugenia with a Letter and Lucia.

Lucia. Are you sure, Madam, this is my Cozen *Lawra's* Character?

Eugen. Most certain, without the least scruple of a doubt.

Lucia. And does she write ye word you shall see her at this Wedding?

Eugen. To that effect, but in what condition heaven knows, perhaps expos'd to Infamy and beggery, it may be, great with Child by some base groom, some slave that holds a Trencher: oh my shame! grant me true patience ye Immortal Powers for such a sight as that would make me desperate.

Lucia. 'Tis very strange, and that she should come to *Antonio's* Wedding with *Elvira*, knowing how matters have formerly past betwixt her self and him, is to me a Miracle.

[*aside.*]

Eugen. If she should prove with Child.

Lucia. She must be deliver'd; that's all I know of the matter; she is your daughter, Madam, you are oblig'd to keep her.

Eugen. What keep my Scandal, stain the honour of my house with so shamefull a blot, keep a Whore in my Family, 'tis monstrous.

Lucia. There are a great many monstrous Families in *Spain* then.

Eugen. With Whores in 'em.

Lucia. Whores, ay, Mothers and Daughters, Sisters and Nieces, up to
the

the third and fourth Generation of them, that hate Chastity, and abhor all Civil Rule and Government.

Eugen. Thou art so Wilde an Ape; there's no talking to thee.

Lucia. I had rather be a Wilde Ape my self here, then lead Apes hereafter, for all that.

Eugen. Leave your prating, and come along with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Don Fernand, and Don Antonio.

D. Anton. Captain your business with me, must be of a strange Consequence indeed, that can countervail the Odness of this Action; You have disturb'd all the Company within.

D. Fern. Sr, I would not willingly disturb any one, but some of the Company are Concern'd in my present affair, which is as you say of strange Consequence.

D. Anton. The Tenor of it I beseech ye, I am impatient.

D. Fern. Oh Sir, Patience will be a very necessary Virtue for ye in this Juncture; To be brief, I hear you design this morning to marry *Dona Elvira.*

D. Anton. D'ye only hear so, I thought you came as one of my friends and guests to see it done and to assist at the solemnity.

D. Fern. No Sir, I came to no such friendly purpose, I assure ye; and to be plain with ye, let me tell ye, you must not marry her.

D. Anton. Must not marry her?

D. Fern. No, not whil'st I live, that's positive.

D. Anton. 'Tis very positive indeed, prethee let me see thy Eyes: do they hold their usuall Aspect, art thou not Crakt i'th Brain? faith, I much fear thee.

D. Fern. Sr you shall find I can both talk reason for my Self, and do reason to my Sister.

D. Anton. Thy Sister, prethee who's that?

D. Fern. A Lady Sir, whom you have wrong'd, and one whose Virtue must have Justice from you.

D. Anton. I wrong his Sister, Madnes in the height.

D. Fern. You shall not find it so Sir, nor shall the liberty you take on Women of tainted fame, and looser Conversation be now your warrant to affront my Sister; I will, and I am oblig'd to see you right her.

D. Anton. Did not the doubt I have thou still art mad, keep me in bounds, I should grow very angry, have I not knowledge of thy obscure Birth? dost thou not owe thy fortune to my father, whose Generous pity from the Abject Earth, lifted thee to thy present State of life? and dost thou talk of wrong done to thy kindred, by me, who never knew 'em, or should despise 'em if I did.

D. Fern. Sir, let me tell ye then, I am of a family as Noble as your own, as famous on Record, and as free from Scandall, 'till your Wilde passions

passions dasht a blot of Ignominy, by Injuries done to my unhappy Sister.

D. Anton. Still on thy Sister, whence came my knowledge of her? what, and where is she?

D. Fern. Here Sir, do ye know her?— [*brings out & unmasks Lawra.*]

D. Anton. Know her, yes, and what's more, now know thee for a Villain that would'st betray the honour of a Gentleman under the pretence of doing Justice to a Traitors, a Jilt that set her Bravo's on to Murder me. [*Draws*]

Lawra. Oh heavens!

D. Anton. Draw, and be quick in thy defence, or by the Eternal Ruler of the Skies, I'll kill thee in that posture, unguarded, unprepared, at all advantage.

D. Fern. Hear me speak first, it may be you may know you are mistaken.

D. Anton. I'll not hear a word, nor answer thee but this way. [*Fights here.*]

Enter Don Gracia, Don Ariell, Engenia, Elvira, Lucia, Christina, and other Guests and Officers.

D. Gar. How now, what's the Matter?—part 'em there.

Eugen. My Daughter there, and with a Stranger: oh my Distracted Soul!

D. Fern. Madam, have patience a little, you shall speak to her anon.

D. Gar. Captain, how comes it you are thus Engag'd, have you forgot me?

D. Fern. No my Good Lord, nor think that I can ever.

D. Anton. My Lord, if I am sharer of your blood, give me but liberty to Chastise that Villain, who would have betray'd me to an Engagement with that Infamous woman, and tells me, she's his Sister.

D. Fern. She is so, and once more I dare affirm as nobly born as you are.

D. Ariell. How! what my Neice his Sister, what are you then Sir, ha— what are you?

D. Fern. The son of Don Sebastian, and that Lady. [*points to Engenia.*]

D. Anton. Riddles, Riddles—

Eugen. The more I look on him, the more I see the features of my husband printed on his face.

D. Fern. I am that *Fernand* that in his Infancy was taken from his Nurse, and suppos'd Murdered, as indeed she was: how I have liv'd, and through what fortune run e're since, shall be made out as Clear as the light, and hereafter you shall find Dear Uncle you have only been my Guardian all this while, to look to thirty thousand Dollers per annum, which you must refund dear Unkle; I'll tell you that;

D. Ariell. I shall have a fine business on't, I have already lost my son, and

and shall now lose my Estate, if this Geer hold, but this must be prov'd Sweet Sir, this must be prov'd.

D. Fern. And shall sweet Unkle, never doubt it.

D. Ariell. Unkle a Pox, I'll be none of your Unkle, I begin to Sweat.

Eugen. Oh! if thou art my Son *Don Fernand*, be quick in the discovery, that I may take thee in my Arms, and there Express a Mothers Joy for so unlookt a Blessing.

D. Fern. *Leon* come forth, and what thou know'st discover.

Enter Leon with Diego Guarded.

Leon. I will, and speak no more then I can prove.

D. Gar. The Captain of the *Banditti*.

Leon. The same my Lord, one that can only be the Instrument of this Gentlemans Restauration.

D. Ari. How, how, let's hear how—I sweat confoundedly. [*aside.*

Leon. About Seaventeen Years ago, I with some of my Comrades, hunting about the Skirts of *Madrid* for booty, overtook a Woman with something in her Arms, which one of us thinking it to be a Prize of Money, or something of Value, instantly Seiz'd, and to Secure her from crying out, gave her a Stab in the Breast, there left her, and fled to my house where I now live, where finding our strange Mistake, and that it was a Boy instead of a Bag, one of us would have kill'd it, but at that time pity in me prevailing above the rest, I hinder'd their purposes, and bred him up as my own, 'till lately he went from me,—since when he best can tell what has befall'n him.

D. Fern. From whence, I Lifted my self a Souldier, and then came to offer my service to your Lordship, to whom I told all I knew of my own Story, as you may well remember.

D. Gar. Sir I do, and it agrees so justly with this relation, that I begin to think the man speaks truth.

D. Ariell. Would he had been born dumb, oh I've an Ague upon me.

Diego. This Rogue can remember nothing of me now, I warrant.

Leon. To confirm all, see this convincing proof, an Agat-Seal that hung about his neck, on which was cut his fathers Picture, and his Coat of Arms, here is the very Mantle he was wrapt in with all the little trinkets that he wore.

Eugen. The very same, by heaven, I know 'em perfectly, oh my dear *Fernand*, now I no longer doubt thee, thou art my Son, and I am more then happy.

D. Ariell. Now I'm in a Feaver—worse and worse, I shall dye now.

D. Fern. Things going thus Sir, can you think my Sister is to be left and slighted after Meetings, Oaths, and Promises?

Lucia. Mind that Madam.— [*to Elvira.*

D. Anton. If thou persist in this, I once more will defy thee, her very name's

name's a disease to me, think'st thou I ever can forget the Inhumane Stab was given me in the dark ?

D. Fern. Intangle not your self in your own web, to my knowledge she never hurt ye Sir.

D. Anto. She never hurt me, and to your knowledge, who was it then ?

D. Fern. 'Twas I.

D. Gar. These are wonders, and still more intricate.

D. Anton. You! did you do it, were you the lurking *Bravo* that surpris'd me, at such a base advantage, and dare you own it too ? this is an Impudence beyond example, no man that wears a Sword.—

D. Fern. Sir you may talk, but never be i'th right, 'till you have heard me out—I did it, 'tis true, but ignorantly.

D. Anton. Ignorantly.

D. Fern. Your Ear a little, and yours my Lord—. [*they whisper.*]

Leon. Introth *Don* I am sorry that this discovery of mine lights so heavy upon you, but you must have patience, 'tis the effect of your own ill fortune, my tongue was only an Instrument.—

D. Ari. Ah Curse of your Instrument 'tis a very unmusical one to me I'm sure,— but hark thee, come hither, I know that thou art a fellow of a strong tough Conscience ; Do but Swear all back again, play but an *Oates* or *Bedloe* for me, and do it heartily as they did, and I'll give thee five hundred Duckets upon my honour.

Diego. And dost hear friend, do but Swear me to be Son to any thing but the Bears or that Witch there, and I'll make it up a thousand.

Leon. 'Tis a great Estate to lose so, that's the very truth on't *Signior.*

D. Ariell. A great Estate, why thirty thousand Dollars a year man ; a Mass, a Mass of Money, ah well fare little *England*, i'faith there for half such a sum I could have pickt up three or four pretty Lads, fellows of Spirit and Mettle that should have Swore a Crow a Capon ; a Pig a Dog ; a Horse a Camel ; Black White ; Foul Fair ; Day Night ; the Sun, the Moon, and all the Stars to be sarching Candles at eighteen in the Pound ; rather then such a Cause as mine should have been lost, when there was money to be got.

Leon. There's many a Lawyer would bawl soundly for't *Signior* ; and for your part my noble *Diego*, faith 'tis a little scandalous to have the Bears claim a part in your family ; you had better have been of the Huntsmans side, and kin to a Dog by the fathers side, then one of those ; hah—

Diego. Ay, but if it must be a Dog, let it be a Shock, or some pretty Lap-Dog that was litter'd upon a Cushion in a Ladies Closet, or so, I would fain be got by as Gentile a Puppy as I could.

Leon. Hah, hah ; well, have patience Gentlemen, for to tell ye the truth I can do nothing but by advice ; I must have *Don Fernands* consent ere I can do any thing.

Diego.

Diagn. 'Tis likely we should have his consent ; well, since it must be so 'tis but hanging at last and there's an end on't. [Exit.]

D. Ariell. There's no dealing with these Rogues when the know a man has need of 'em : well I shall see the starve for this that's my comfort ; I never knew a Rogue that turn'd honest but did.

D. Anton. Then you know nothing of the business ?

Lawra. Nothing Heaven knows, but wonder'd when I saw ye, and in the midst of my Distracting fears you lying all bloody on one side, and my Mother calling out for Lights on the other, I thought of nothing else but it was she had done it, and I was to be the next to be so us'd ; whereupon so strong a fear Seiz'd over all my Spirits that I fled from her house : The remaining story of my life my Brother can inform ye.

D. Fern. Which has been Strange but not dishonourable.

Eugen. Come to my Arms oh my hearts Second Jewell, and let me smother with Eager kisses, I have been too severe but this shall mend all.

Elvira. I have been Charm'd with so much Admiration, it half has made me speechless : but Madam, know I am at last reserv'd to do you truest Justice, your Story and past Love I have heard from your kinswoman here, and therefore do before all this Company Surrender to you all the right and interest I have in this Gentleman : for sooner shall the Sun forget his Course, or the Gay Goddess of the night her Rule, then I consent to marry with *Antonio*.

D. Anton. Now are my Joys, at full, and I more happy then all the World besides, this e're could make me : oh give me pardon thou wrong'd Innocence, and take to thy bosom once more a Repenting Creature, that must be worse then damm'd if thou refuse him : Father, Uncle, every one I beseech ye pleade for me, — and thou most Generous of men, dear Brother, forgive my idle passion, and from [to Fernand Embracing] henceforth live in my heart my Second best of Friends.

D. Fern. 'Tis all I wish for, and am yours for ever, which to Confirm, once more receive this hand. [gives his Sisters.]

D. Anton. Not to be taken from me, but by Death. [Kisses it.]

Lawra. Amen, I beseech Heaven !

D. Gar. For my part, I am well enough pleas'd, since *Don Ariell's* Estate there can make her the same fortune.

D. Fern. Which he'll consent to I'll warrant ye ; come Unkle, cheer up, you shall not want an Estate whilst I live.

D. Ariell. Pox of that *Banditti* Rogue, would he had been hang'd Seaven years ago : But heark ye Gentlemen, d'ye think a man can't finde a flaw in this business ? Is there no flaw to be found think ye ? I would be loth but to have Justice done however.

D. Fern. No no, Dear Uncle there are no flaws to be found, I assure ye.

D. Gar. No flaws *Don*, no flaws.

D. Ariell. No, why then allow Me but a Bottle of Sack every day, and

and a Tost, and a Place at the Upper-Eud of the Table, and take my Estate a-Gods-Name; But a Plague of That Rotten *Banditti*, that I say still.

Enter Corigidore.

Corigi. *Don Fernand*, I am sent from the Judges to tell ye that his Majesty having heard your Story, and read your humble Suit, has in favour of you granted a Reprieve to *Leon*, and also has mittigated the rest of the Offenders Sentences, who now, instead of hanging, are only to be Whipt, and Banisht, and if you'l take the pains to look out, you'l see 'em coming along.

D. Gar. *Diego*, *Frisco*, and the rest, I warrant, 'twill be worth seeing. ——— [*they look out.*]

Enter in several Postures stript, Diego, Megæra, Rufino and Frisco, after all gravely bowing to the People on both sides, being Whipt along by the Officers, pass over the Stage.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha. ———

D. Fern. The King has only taught me by this Gracious Condescension to know how much I am indebted to him.

D. Gar. Captain, I am glad, and Congratulate your fortune, which would have a great addition, if this sweet Lady had the will to Grace ye.

D. Fern. When I am worthy to deserve her favour I shall have hopes.

Elvira. Sir, I was never yet a foe to Merit, and you have reason to hope as much as any man.

D. Anton. The Fortunate Misfortune now is prov'd, and I the Cause of all these various Chances, have reason to admire and bless my Stars.

Conquest of Towns which Kings by bribery have,
Are nobler won in Storming by the Brave;
And as through dangers, greatest Fame we meet,
So Love through most Misfortunes proves most sweet.

The End of the Last ACT.

Epilogue.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Frisco*, Just return'd from Whipping.

Whipping, that lately has accustom'd been
 To Cure the Rebell-Gout, gives me the Spleen;
 I grumble, and my Genius falls to Work,
 To Scan how many here deserve the Jerk;
 First, to Rest & then, on the Marriage bliss,
 That vast Incomprehensive happiness.
 He that is to a Modest Beauty Tok'd
 Chast, fair, and tho' ill us'd, yet not provok'd,
 And with a Tumbling Whore is taken Napping,
 Deserves a Flanging from White-Hall to Wapping;
 As for the Wits, tho' Guilty of the Same,
 Out of Respect, I not so far Condemn:
 Twice up and down the Mall shall serve for them.
 For they alas! may get a Cough with Heating,
 The Hummums in a Month can't cure with Sweeting;
 Whore that grows vain by Cully's fond deboach,
 Should never Scape, altho' she kept her Coach;
 The very Coachman should turn back upon her,
 Remembring how he took her in the Manner,
 And lash no more his Mares but Jerk her honour.
 As for poor Jade that home on foot does Limp,
 Picking up here a Prentice, there a Pimp;
 When Winter comes 'twill be fine Beating Hemp,
 An Exercise that's Physicall they know:
 And nothing better to keep Pulces low:
 Gitt, that in Cheapside for a Saint does Pass,
 Yet turns a very feind at Charing-Cross;
 That Shams his Neighbours with a Zealous Life,
 Yet Games, Drinks, keeps his Whore, and beats his Wife:
 Against that Prigg I've all the Modest Votes:
 That Rascall should be Lash'd as farr as Oats.
 Nor should Vain Critticks (saith) Scape Publique Shame
 But first be taught to Judge, e're they condemn.
 'Tis to the Stage they even their Genius owe
 For College-Rules nere made their Wit o'reflow
 Dunces come back as Genuine as they go.
 Oh that each Momus, that Sits here to Judge,
 The uncommon Labour of this Scribbling Drudge;
 To do us Common Justice should be bound,
 To be well lash'd, or mend the faults he found.
 Then if when failing, he like me were warm'd,
 Lord! how this hopefull Age would be reform'd:

FINIS.

